

FOREIGN  
DISSERTATION  
18561

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The Pleasant Comodie  
of  
Patient Grissill.

Inaugural-Dissertation

zur

Erlangung der Doktorwürde

der

hohen philosophischen Fakultät

der

Friedrich-Alexanders-Universität Erlangen

vorgelegt

von

Gottlieb Hübsch

aus Nürnberg.



ERLANGEN.

K. b. Hof- und Univ.-Buchdruckerei von Fr. Junge (Junge & Sohn).

1893.

Die Ausgabe wird vollständig als Heft XV der „Erlanger Beiträge zur  
englischen Philologie u. vergleichenden Litteraturgeschichte“ erscheinen.

*THE*  
PLEASANT  
*CO MODIE OF*

Patient Grisfill.

As it hath beene fundrie times lately plaid  
by the right honorable the Earle of Not-  
tingham (Lord high Admirall) his  
feruants.



L O N D O N.

Imprinted for Henry Rocket, and are to  
be folde at the long Shop vnder S. Mildreds  
Church in the Poultry.

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## The pleasant Commœdye of Patient Grifsill.

Enter the Marquesse, Pauia, Mario, Lepido, and huntsmen: all like Hunters. A noyse of hornes within.

Marquesse.

- L Ooke you so strang[,] my hearts, to see our limbes  
Thus suited in a Hunters liuery?  
Oh tis a louely habite, when greene youth[,]  
Like to the flowry bloffome of the spring,  
5 Conformes his outward habite to his minde.  
Looke how yon one eyd wagoner of heauen,  
Hath by his horses fiery winged hoofes,  
Burst ope the melancholy Iayle of Night,  
And with his gilt beames cunning Alchimy,  
10 Turn'd al these cloudes to gold, who (with the winds)  
Upon their misty shoulders bring in day:  
Then fally not this morning with foule lookes,  
But teach your Iocond spirits to ply the Chase,  
For hunting is a sport for Emperors.  
15 Pau. We know it is, and therefore doe not throw  
On these your pastimes, a contracted brow.  
How swift youths Bias runs to catch delights,  
To me is not vnknowne: no brother Gualther,  
When you were woo'd by vs to choose a wife,  
20 This day you vowed to wed: but now I see,  
Your promises turne all to mockerie.  
Lepi. This day your self appointed to giue answere  
To all those neighbour-Princes, who in loue

- Offer their Daughters, Sisters, and Allies,  
 25 In marriage to your hand: yet for all this  
 The houre being come that calles you to your choyce[.]  
 You stand prepard for sport and start aside:  
 To hunt poore deere when you should seeke a Bride.  
 Marq. Nay come Mario[.] your opinion too,  
 30 Had neede of ten men's wit that goes to woe.  
 Ma. First satisfie these Princes, who expect  
 Your gracious answere to their embassies,  
 Then may you freelie reuell: now you flie  
 Both from your owne voves, & their amitie.  
 35 Marq. How much your iudgmens erre: who gets a wife  
 Must like a huntsman beate vntrodden pathes,  
 To gaine the flying prefence of his loue.  
 Looke how the yelping beagles spend their mouthes[.]  
 So Louers doe their fighes: and as the deare,  
 40 Out-strips the actiue hound, & oft turnes backe  
 To note the angrie visage of her foe,  
 Who greedy to possesse so sweet a pray,  
 Neuer giues ouer till he ceaze on her,  
 So fares it with coy dames, who great with scorne  
 45 Shew the care-pined hearts, that sue to them[;]  
 Yet on that feined flight, (Loue conquering them)  
 They cast an eye of longing backe againe,  
 As who would say, be not dismaid with frownes,  
 For though our tongues speake no: our hearts found yea;  
 50 Or if not so, before theile misse their louers,  
 Their sweet breathes shal perfume the Amorous ayre  
 And braue them still to run in beauties Chase:  
 Then can you blame me to be hunter like,  
 When I must get a wife? but be content,  
 55 So yo'ule ingage your faith by othe to vs,  
 Your willes shal answere mine, my liking yours,  
 And that no wrinkle on your cheekes shal ride,  
 This day the Marquesse voves to choose a bride.  
 Pa. Euen by my honor,  
 Marq. Brother[.] be advis'd,  
 60 The importunitie of you and these,



Thrusts my free thoughts into the yooke of loue,  
To grone vnder the loade of marriage.  
Since then you throwe this burthen on my youth[,]  
Sweare to me[,] whome soeuer my fancie choose,  
65 Of what discent, beautie or birth she be,  
Her you shall like and loue as you loue me.  
Pa. Now by my birth I sweare, wed whome you please,  
And Ile imbrace her with a brothers arme.  
Lepi. Mario and my selfe to your faire choice,  
70 Shall yeeld all dueties and true reuerence.  
Marq. Your protestations please me Iollilie.  
Lets ring a hunters peale, and in the eares  
Of our swift forrest Cittizens proclaime,  
Defiance to their lightnes: our sports done,  
75 The Venfon that we kill shall feast our bride,  
If she proue bad, ile cast all blame on you,  
But if sweet peace succcede this amorous strife,  
Ile say my wit was best to choose a wife.

[Exeunt.

As they goe in, hornes found & hollowing within: that done,  
Enter Ianicolo, Griffil, and Babulo, with two baskets begun to be  
wrought.

Bab. Olde Master[,] heeres 'a morning able to make vs  
80 worke tooth and naile (marrie then we must haue victualls)[;]  
the Sun hath plaid boe peep in the element anie time these  
two houres, as I doe some mornings whē you cal: what  
Babulo[,] say you: heere Master[,] say I[;] and then this eye  
opens, yet don is the mouſe, lie still: what Babulo[,] sayes  
85 Griffil, anone say I, and then this eye lookes vp, yet downe  
I snug againe: what Babulo[,] say you againe, and then I  
start vp, and see the Sunne, and then sneeze, and then shake  
mine eares, and then rise, and then get my breakfast, and  
then fal to worke, and then wash my hands, and by this time  
90 I am ready: heer's your basket, and Griffill[,] heer's yours.  
Ian. Fetch thine own Babulo, lets ply our buſines.  
Bab. God send me good lucke[,] Master.  
Gri. Why Babulo, what's the matter?

Bab. God forgiue mee, I thinke I shall not eate a peeke  
95 of salt: I shall not liue long sure, I should be a rich man  
by right, for they neuer doe good deedes, but when they see  
they must dye, and I haue now a monstrous stomacke to  
worke, because I thinke I shall not liue long.

Ian. Goe foole, cease this vaine talke and fall to worke.

100 Bab. Ile hamper some body if I dye, because I am a  
basket maker.

[Exit.

Ian. Come Griffill, worke[,] sweet girle, heere the warme Sunne  
Will shine on vs, and when his fires begin,  
Wee'll coole our sweating browes in yonder shade.

105 Gri. Father, me thinkes it doth not fit a maide,  
By sitting thus in view, to draw mens eyes  
To stare vpon her: might it please your age,  
I could be more content to worke within.

Ian. Indeed my childe, mens eyes do now adaies,  
110 Quickly take fire at the least sparke of beauty,  
And if those flames be quencht by chaste disdaine,  
Then their inuenom'd tongues (alacke) doe strike,  
To wound her fame whose beauty they did like.

Gri. I will auoide their darts and worke within.

115 Ian. Thou needst not, in a painted coate goes sin,  
And loues those that loue pride; none lookes on thee,  
Then keepe me companie: how much vnlike  
Are thy desires to manie of thy sex?  
How manie wantons in Saliuia,

120 Frowne like the fullen night, when their faire faces  
Are hid within doores: but got once abroad,  
Like the proud Sun they spread their staring beames.  
They shine out to be seene, their loose eyes tell,  
That in their bosomes wantonnes doe dwell:

125 Thou canst not doe so Griffill, for thy Sun,  
Is but a Starre, thy Starre, a sparke of fire,  
Which hath no power t'inflame doting desire:  
Thy filkes are thrid-bare ruffets: all thy portion  
Is but an honest name: that gon[,] thou art dead,  
130 Though dead thou liu'lt, that being vnblemished.



Grif. If to die free from flame be nere to die,  
Then Ile be crownd with immortallitie.

- Ian. Pray God thou maist: yet childe[,] my iealous foule  
Trembles through feares, so often as mine eyes  
135 Sees our Duke court thee: and when to thine eares  
He tunes sweet loue-songs: oh beware my Griffill[,]  
He can prepare his way with gifts of golde,  
Upon his breath, winged Promotion flies[.]  
Oh my deare Girle[,] trust not his forceries,  
140 Did he not seeke the shipwracke of thy fame?  
Whie should he send his tailors to take measure  
Of Griffils bodie: but as one should say,  
If thou wilt be the Marqueesse concubine,  
Thou shalt weare rich attires: but they that thinke,  
145 With costly garments, fins blacke face to hide,  
Weare naked brauerie and ragged pride.

- Grif. Good father[,] doe not shake your age with feares[.]  
Although the Marqueesse sometimes visit vs,  
Yet all his words and deedes are like his birth,  
150 Steept in true honor: but admit they were not,  
Before my foule looke black with speckled sinne,  
My hands shal make me pale deathes vnderling.

Ian. The mulick of those words sweetes mine eares[.]  
Come girle[,] lets faster worke: time apace weares.

Enter Babulo with his worke.

- 155 Grif. Come Babulo[,] why hast thou staid so long?

- Ba. Nay why are you so short? Masters[,] heeres monie I  
tooke (since I went) for a cradle: this yeare I thinke be  
leape yeare, for womē doe nothing but buy cradles, by my  
troth[,] I thinke the world is at an end, for as soone as we  
160 be borne we marrie: as soone as we marrie we get children,  
(by hooke or by crooke gotten they are)[:] children must haue  
cradles, and as soone as they are in them, they hop out of  
thē, for I haue seene little girls that yesterday had scarce a  
hand to make them ready, the next day had worne wedding  
165 rings on their fingers, so that if the world doe not ende,  
we shall not liue one by another: basket making as all other

trades runs to decay, and shortly we shall not be worth a button, for non in this cutting age sowe true stiches, but taylers and shoomakers, & yet now and then they tread their  
170 shooes a wrie too.

Ia. Let not thy tongue goe so: sit downe to worke  
And that our labour may not seeme to long,  
Weele cunningly beguile it with a song.

Ba. Doe master[,] for thats honest counsonage.

The Song.

175 Song[.] Art thou poore[,] yet hast thou golden Slumbers:  
Oh sweet content!

Art thou rich[,] yet is thy minde perplexed:  
Oh punnishment.

180 Dost thou laugh to see how fooles are vexed  
To ad to golden numbers, golden numbers:  
O sweet content, o sweet etc.

Foole. Worke apace, apace, apace, apace:  
Honest labour beares a louely face,  
Then hey noney, noney: hey noney, noney.

185 Canst drinke the waters of the Crisped spring:  
O sweet content!

Swim'ft thou in wealth, yet sinck'ft in thine owne teares,  
O punnishment.

190 Then hee that patiently wants burden beares,  
No burden beares, but is a King, a King,  
O sweet content, etc.

Fool. Worke apace, apace, etc.

Enter Laureo.

Ba. Weep master, yonder comes your Sonne[.]

Ian. Laureo[,] my Sonne? oh heauen[,] let thy rich hand  
195 Poure plentious shewers of blessing on his head.

Lau. Treble the number fall vppon your age.  
Sister?

Gri. Deare brother Laureo[,] welcome home.

Ba. Master Laureo (Ianiculaes sonne)[,] welcome home,  
how doe the nine muses, Pride, couetousnes, enuie, sloth,

177 perplexed?] 179 vexed?] 180 numbers.] 185 spring?]  
189 wants,] 196 age,]

200 wrath, gluttonie and lecherie? you that are Schollers, read  
how they doe.

Lau. Muses: these (foole) are the feauen deadly sins.

Ba. Are they: Mas[,] me thinkes its better seruing the,  
then your nine muses, for they are starke beggers.

205 Ian. Often I haue wisht to see you heere.

Lau. It grieues me that you see me heere so soone.

Ian. Why Laureo[,] dost thou grieve to see thy father,  
Or dost thou scorne me for my pouertie?

Ba. He needes not, for he lookes like poore Iohn himselfe;  
210 eight to a necke of Mutton, is not that your commons, & a  
Cue of breade?

Lau. Father[,] I grieve my young yeares to your age,  
Should adde more sorrowe.

Ian. Why sonne[,] whats the matter?

Lau. That which to thinke on makes me desperate.  
215 I that haue chargd my friends, and from my father  
Puld more then he could spare; I that haue liud  
These nine yeares at the Uniuerfity,  
Must now for this worlds deuill: this angell of golde,  
Haue all those daies and nights to beggerie solde:  
220 Through want of money, what I want I misse,  
Who is more scorn'd then a poore scholler is?

Bab. Yes three things: Age, wisdom, basket makers.

Gri. Brothers[,] what meanes these words?

Lau. Oh I am mad.

To thinke how much a Scholler vndergoes,  
225 And in the ende reapes nought but pennurie.  
Father[,] I am inforced to leaue my booke,  
Because the studie of my booke doth leaue me,  
In the leane armes of lancke necessitie.  
Hauing no shelter (ah me) but to flie  
230 Into the sanctuarie of your aged armes.

Bab. A trade, a trade, follow basket-makeing, leaue bookes  
and turne block-head.

Ian. Peace foole; welcome my sonne, thogh I am poore[,]  
My loue shall not be so: goe daughter Griffill,

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205 heere,] 208 pouertie.] 209 himselfe,] 216 spare,] 219 solde,]  
225 th'ende] Coll. 233 foole,]

235 Fetch water from the spring to feed our fish,  
Which yester day I caught: the cheare is meane,  
But be content; when I haue solde these Baskets,  
The monie shall be spent to bid thee welcome:  
Griffill make haft, run and kindle fire.

[Exit Griffill.

240 Ba. Goe Griffill[:] He make fire, and scoure the kettle;  
its a hard world when schollers eate fish vpon flesh daies.

[Exit Ba.

Lau. Ist not a shame for me that am a man,  
Nay more, a scholler[,] to endure such neede,  
That I must pray on him, whome I should feede?

245 Ian. Nay griene not Sonne, better haue felt worse woe.  
Come sit by me[:] while I worke to get bread,  
And Griffill spin vs yearne to cloath our backs,  
Thou shalt reade doctrine to vs for the soule.  
Then what shall we there want? nothing my sonne[.]  
250 For when we cease from worke[,] euen in that while,  
My song shall charme griefes eares and care beguile.

Enter Griffill running with a Pitcher.

Grif. Father[,] as I was running to fetch water,  
I saw the Marqueffe with a gallant traine  
Come riding towards vs. O see where they come.

Enter Marqueffe, Pauia, Mario, Lepido, two Ladies  
and some other attendants.

255 Mar. See where my Griffill, and her father is!  
Me thinkes her beautie shining through those weedes,  
Seemes like a bright starre in the fullen night.  
How louely pouertie dwels on her backe!  
Did but the proud world note her as I doe,  
260 She would cast off rich robes, forswear rich state,  
To cloth them in such poore abiliments.  
Father[,] good fortune ever bleesse thine age.

Ian. All happines attend my gracious Lorde.

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237 content.] 240 kettle.] 241 Exit. Ba:] 247 backs.] 248 soule.]  
249 want.] 252 runaing]; *ebenso in der vorhergehenden Bühnen-*  
*weisung. Coll.* 254 vs.] 255 is,] 256 for beautie] *Coll.* 258 backe,]  
261 abiliments,]



Marq. And what wifh you faire Maide?

Grif. That your high thoughts

265 To your contentment may be fatisfied.

Mar. Thou wouldft wifh foe, knewft thou for what I come.

Brother of Pauia[,] beholde this virgin,

Mario[,] Lepido[,] is fhe not faire?

Pa. Brother[,] I haue not feene fo meane a creature,

270 So full of beautie.

Mar. Were but Griffils birth

As worthie as her forme, fhe might be held

A fit companion for the greateft state.

Lau. Oh blindnes, fo that men may beautie finde,

They nere respect the beauties of the minde.

275 Marq. Father Ianicola[,] whats hee that fpeake?

Ian. A poore defpifed fcholler and my Sonne.

Mar. This is no time to holde difpute with fchollers.

Tell me in faith olde man[,] what doft thou thinke,

Becaufe the Marquelfe vifits thee fo oft?

280 Ian. The will of Princes fubiects muft not fereh,

Let it fuffice, your grace is welcome hither.

Marq. And ile requite that welcome if I liue.

Griffill[,] fuppofe a man fhould loue you dearely,

As I know fome that doc, would you agree

285 To quittance true affection with the like?

Gri. None is fo fond to fancie pouertie.

Mar. I fay there is: come Lords[,] ftand by my fide,

Nay brother[,] you are fped and haue a wife,

Then giue vs leaue that are all Batchelers.

290 Now Griffil, eye vs well and giue your verdictie,

Which of vs three you holde the propreft man.

Gri. I haue no fkill to iudge proportions.

Marq. Nay then you ieft, women haue eagles eyes,

To prie euen to the heart, and why not you?

295 Come, we ftand fairely, freely fpeake your minde,

For by my birth, he whome thy choice fhall bleffe,

Shall be thy hufband.

Mar. What intends your grace?



Lepi. My Lord[,] I haue vowed to leade a fingle life.

Marq. A fingle life? this cunning cannot ferue.

300 Doe not I know you loue her[?] I haue heard  
Your paffions fpent for her, your fighes for her.

Mario to the wonder of her beautie,

Compiled a Sonnet.

Mar. I my Lord write fonnets?

Marq. You did intreate me to intreate her father,

305 That you might haue his daughter to your wife.

Lep. To anie one I willingly religne,  
All intereft in her, which doth looke like mine.

Mar. My Lorde[,] I fweare fhe nere fhall be my bride,  
I hope fhee le fweare fo too[,] being thus denide.

310 Marq. Both of you turn'd Apoftataes in loue,  
Nay then Ile play the cryer: once, twice, thrice,  
Speake or fhee's gone els: no, fince twill not be,  
Since you are not for her, yet fhee's for me.

Pau. What meane you Brother?

Marq. Faith[,] no more but this:

315 By lounes moft wondrous Metamorphofis,  
To turne this Maide into your Brothers wife.  
Nay sweet heart[,] looke not ftrange[:] I doe not ielt,  
But to thine eares mine Amorous thoughts impart,  
Gualter protefts he lounes thee with his heart.

320 Lau. The admiration of fuch happines,  
Makes me aftonifht.

Grif. Oh my gracious Lord,  
Humble not your high ftate to my lowe birth,  
Who am not worthy to be held your flauie,  
Much leffe your wife.

Marq. Griffill[,] that fhall fuffice,  
325 I count thee worthie: olde Ianicola,  
Art thou content that I fhall be thy Sonne?

Ian. I am vnworthy of fo great a good.

Marq. Tufh[,] tufh[,] talke not of worth, in honeft tearmes[,]  
Tell me if I fhall haue her? for by heauen[,]

---

298 life,] 299 ferue,] 300 heard?] 301 fighes for her,] 305 to  
his wife.] *Coll.* 307 mine,] 309 denide,] 316 wife,] 319 heart,]  
323 Whome not] *Coll.*

330 Unlesse your free consent alowe my choice,  
To win ten kingdomes Ile not call her mine.  
Whats thy Sonnes name?

Ian.

Laureo[,] My gracious Lord.

Marq. Ile haue both your consents: I tell ye Lords,  
I haue wooed the virgin long, oh manie an houre,

335 Haue I bin glad to steale from all your eyes,  
To come disguifd to her: I sweare to you,  
Beautie first made me loue, and vertue woe.

I lou'd her lowlynes, but when I tride

What vertues were intempled in her brest,

340 My chast hart swore that she should be my bride[:]

Say Father, must I be forsworne or noe?

Ian. What to my Lord seemes best to me seemes so[.]

Marq. Laureo[,] whats your opinion?

Lau.

Thus my Lorde.

If equall thoughts durst both your states conferre,

345 Her's is to lowe, and you to high for her.

Marq. What faies faire Griffill now?

Grif.

This doth she say,

As her olde Father yeeldes to your dread will,

So she her fathers pleasure must fulfill.

If olde Ianicola make Griffill yours,

350 Griffill must not deny, yet had she rather

Be the poore Daughter still of her poore Father.

Marq. Ile gild that pouertie, and make it shine,

With beames of dignitie: this base attire,

These Ladies shall teare of, and decke thy beautie

355 In robes of honour, that the world may say,

Vertue and beautie was my bride to day.

Mar. This meane choice, will distaine your noblenes[.]

Marq. No more Mario[:] then it doth disgrace

The Sunne to shine on me.

Lep.

Shee's poore and base.

360 Marq. Shee's rich: for vertue beautifies her face.

Pau. What will ye world say when the trump of fame  
Shall sound your high birth with a beggers name?

Marq. The world still lookes a squint, & I deride  
His purblind iudgement; Griffill is my Bride.

365 Janicola, and Laureo: father, brother,  
You and your Son[,] grac'd with our royall fauour,  
Shall liue to outweare time in happines.

Enter Babulo.

Ba. Mafter[,] I haue made a good fire: firha Griffill, the  
fishe [—]

370 Ian. Fall on thy knees thou foole: see heeres our duke[.]

Ba. I haue not offended him, therefore Ile not ducke and  
he were ten Dukes. Ile kneele to none but God and my  
Prince.

Lau. This is thy Prince, be silent Babulo!

375 Bab. Silence is a vertue, marie tis a dumbe vertue: I  
loue vertue that speakes, and has a long tongue like a bel-  
weather, to leade other vertues after: if he be a Prince, I  
hope hee is not Prince ouer my tongue; snailes, wherefore  
come all these: Mafter[,] heeres not fish enough for vs.  
380 Sirha Griffill[,] the fire burnes out.

Marq. Tell me my loue[,] what pleasant fellow is this?

Gri. My aged Fathers seruant[,] my gracious Lorde.

Bab. How, my loue: mafter[,] a worde to y<sup>e</sup> wife, scillicet  
me[,] my loue.

385 Marq. Whats his name?

Bab. Babulo Sir is my name.

Marq. Why dost thou tremble so? we are al thy friends.

Bab. Its hard fir for this motley Ierkin, to find friendship  
with this fine doublet.

390 Marq. Ianicola[,] bring him to Court with thee.

Bab. You may be asham'd to lay such knauish burden  
vpon olde ages shoulders: but I see they are stooping a little,  
all erie downe with him: He shall not bring me fir, ile carrie  
my selfe.

395 Marq. I pray thee doe, Ile haue thee liue at court.

Ba. I haue a better trade fir, basketmaking.

Marq. Griffill[,] I like thy mans simplicitie,

---

364 Bride,] 378 tonge,] 379 vs,] 385 name,] 395 court,]  
396 basketmaking,]

Still shall he be thy seruant[.] Babulo,

Griffill[.] thy mistresse, now shall be my wife.

400 Bab. I thinke fir[,] I am a fitter husband for her.

Marq. Why shouldst thou think [so?] I wil make her rich.

Bab. Thats al one fir, beggers are fit for beggers, gētle-  
folkes for gētlefolkes: I am afraid y<sup>t</sup> this wōder of y<sup>e</sup> rich  
louing y<sup>e</sup> poor, wil last but nine daies: old M.[.] bid this  
405 merrie gentlemā home to dinner, you shal haue a good dish  
of fish fir: & thank him for his good wil to your daughter  
Grif[.]; for ile be hāgd if he do not (as many rich cogging  
marchāts now a daies doe when they haue got what they  
would) giue her the belles, let her flye.

410 Gri. Oh beare my Lord with his intemperate tongue[.]

Marq. Griffill, I take delight to heare him talke.

Bab. I, I, y<sup>o</sup>are best take mee vp for your foole: are  
not you he, that came speaking so to Griffill heere? doe you  
remember how I knockt you once for offering to haue a licke  
415 at her lips?

Marq. I doe remember it and for thy paines,  
A golden recompence ile giue to thee.

Bab. Why doe, and ile knock you as often as you list.

Marq. Griffill[.] this merrie fellow shall be mine,  
420 But we forget our selues, the daie growes olde.  
Come Lords[,] cheare vp your lookes & with faire smiles,  
Grace our intended nuptials: time may come,  
When all commaunding loue your hearts subdue,  
The Marquessē may performe as much for you.

[Exeunt.]

Enter Farneze, Vreenze, and Rice meeting them running.

425 Far. Rice[,] how now man? whether art p<sup>a</sup> gallopping?

Ric. Faith euen to finde a full maunger: my teeth water  
till I be mouching, I haue bin at the Cutlers, to bid him  
bring away Sir Owens rapier, and I am ambling home thus  
fast, for feare I am driuen to fast.

430 Vre. But Sirha Rice, when's the day? will not thy  
master Sir Owen and Signior Emulo fight?

401 think, I] so von Coll. eingesetzt. 408 Die Klammer steht im  
alten Drucke hinter marchāts. 409 would,] 413 so? to Griffill heere,]  
415 lips.]



Ric. No, for Signior Emulo has warn'd my Master to the court of Conscience, and theres an order set downe, that the coward shall pay my Master good words weekelie, till the  
435 debt of his choller be runne out.

Far. Excellent, but did not Emulo write a challenge to Sir Owen[?]

Rice. No[,] he sent a terrible one, but hee gaue a sexton of a Church a groate to write it, and hee set his marke to it,  
440 for the gull can neither write nor reade.

Vre. Ha ha, not write and reade? why[,] I haue seene him pul out a bundle of sonnets writen, & read them to Ladies.

Far. He got thē by heart Vreenze, & so decein'd the poor soules: as a gallant whome I know, cozens others: for my  
445 briske spāgled babie will come into a Stationers shop, call for a stoole and a cushion, and then asking for some greeke Poet, to him he falles, and there he grumbles God knowes what, but Ile be sworne he knowes not so much as one Character of the tongue.

450 Ric. Why[,] then its greeke to him.

Far. Ha, ha, Emulo not write and read?

Ric. Not a letter and you would hang him.

Vre. Then heele neuer be faued by his book.

Ric. No[,] nor by his good workes, for heele doe none.  
455 Signiors both, I commend you to the skies, I commit you to God, adew.

Far. Nay sweet Rice[,] a little more.

Ric. A little more will make me a great deale lesse, house keeping you know is out of fashion: unlesse I ride post,  
460 I kisse the post: in a worde ile tell you all, challenge was sent, answered no fight, no kill, all friends, all fooles, Emulo coward, Sir Owen braue man, farewell, dinner, hungrie: little cheare, great great stomacke, meate, meat, meate, mouth, mouth, mouth, adue, adue, adue.

[Exit.

465 Vre. Ha, ha, adue Rice, Sir Owen belike keeps a leane Kitchin.

Far. What els man[?] thats one of the miserable vowes he makes when hee's dubd: yet he doth but as manie of his



brother knights doe, keepe an ordinarie table for him and his  
470 long coate follower.

Vre. That long coate makes the master a little king, for  
wherfoener his piece of a follower comes hopping after him,  
hees sure of a double garde.

Far. Ile set some of the Pages vpon thy skirts for this.

475 Vre. I shall feele them no more then so many fleas, there-  
fore I care not: but Farneze[,] youle prooue a most accomplit  
coxcombe.

Far. Oh olde touch lad, this yonker is right Trinidado[,]  
pure leafe Tobacco, for indeed hee's nothing[:] purffe, reeke,  
480 and would be tried (not by God and his countrie) but by fire,  
the verie soule of his substance and needes would conuert  
into smoke.

Vre. Hee's Steele to the backe you see, for he writes  
Challenges.

485 Far. True, and Iron to the head, oh theres a rich leaden  
minerall amongst his braines, if his skull were well digd.  
Sirha Vreence, this is one of those changeable Silke gallants,  
who in a verie scurvie prid, scorne al schollers, and reade no  
bookes but a looking glasse, and speake no language but  
490 sweet Lady, and sweet Signior[,] and chew between their  
teeth terrible words, as though they would coniure, as com-  
plement and Proiects, and Fastidious, & Caprichious, and  
Misprizian, and the Sintheresis of the soule, and such like  
raise veluet tearmes.

495 Vre. What be the accoutremēts now of these gallats?

Far. Indeed thats one of their fustia outladish phrases to,  
marrie sir[,] their accoutremēts, are al p<sup>e</sup> fatasticke fashions,  
p<sup>t</sup> can be taken vp, either vpō trust or at second hand.

Vre. Whats their quallities?

500 Far. None good, these are the best: to make good faces:  
to take Tobacco well, to spit well, to laugh like a wayting  
Gentlewoman, to lie well, to blufh for nothing, to looke big  
vpon little fellowes, to scoffe with a grace, though they haue  
a verie filthie grace in scoffing, and for a neede to ride prettie  
505 and well.

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486 digd,] 488 alschollers,] *Coll.* 495 accoutremēts] *Coll.* 497 accoutremēts,] *Coll.* 502 Gentlewoman,] *Coll.* 503 hane] *Coll.*

Vre. They cannot choofe but ride well, becaufe euerie good wit rides them.

Far. Heere's the difference, that they ride vpon horfes, and when they are ridden[,] they are spur'd for affes; fo they  
510 can erie wighee and hollow kicking iade, they care not if they haue no more learning then a Iade.

Enter Emuloes[,] Sir Owen talking, Rice after them eating fecretly.

Vre. No more of thefe Iadifh tricks: heere comes the hobbie horfe.

Far. Oh he would daunce a morrice rarely if hee were  
515 hung with belles.

Vre. He would iangle vilanoufly.

Far. Peace[,] lets incounter them.

S. O. By Cod Sir Emuloes, fir Owen is clad out a erie, becauf is friends with her, for Sir Owen fweare, did her not  
520 fweare, Rice?

Ric. Yes forfooth.

Spits out his meate.

S. Ow. By Cod[,] is fweare terrible to knog her pade, and fling her fpingle legs at plum trees, when her come to fall to hur tagger and fencing trigs, yes faith, and to breag her  
525 fhins[,] did her not Rice?

Ric. Yes by my troth Sir.

S. Ow. By Cods vdge me[,] is all true, and to giue her a great teale of blouddie nofe, becaufe Sir Emuloes you fhallenge the prittifh Knight. Rice you knowe Sir Owen  
530 fhentleman firft, and fecondly knight, what apox ale you Rice, is fhoke now?

Ric. No fir[,] I haue my fuee fences and am as wel as any man.

S. O. Well[,] here is hand, now is mighty friends.

535 Emu. Sir Owen [—]

Far. Now the gallimaufrie of language comes in.

Emu. I proteft to you, the magnitude of my condolement, hath bin eleuated the higher to fee you and my felfe, two gentlemen [—]

540 S. Ow. Nay tis well knowne Sir Owen is good fhentleman, is not[,] Rice?

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509 affes,] 511 hawe] Coll. 521 In der Bühnenanweisung Spit]  
Coll. 529 Knight,] 539 gentlemen.]

Ric. He that shall deny it Sir[,] ile make him eate his words.

Emu. Good friend[,] I am not in the Negative[:] 'bee' not  
so Caprichious, you misprize me, my collocation tedeth to  
545 S. Owens dignifying.

Far. Lets step in. God saue you Singnior Emulo.

Vre. Well encountred S. Owen.

S. O. Owe, how do you[?] S. Em. is frends out a cry  
now[:] but Emuloes[,] take heede, you match no more loue  
550 trigs to widdow Gwenthians, by Cod vrdege me, that doe so  
muft knoge her, see you nowe?

Em. Not so tempestious sweet knight: though to my discon-  
folation, I will obliuionize my loue to the welch widdowe,  
and doe heere proclaime my delinquishment, but sweet Signior[,]  
555 be not to Diogenicall to me.

Sir O. Ha ha[,] is knowe not what genicalls meane, but Sir  
Owen will genicall her, and her tag her genicalling Gwenthyan.

Far. Nay faith[,] wee le haue you found friends indeede,  
otherwise you know, Signior Emulo, if you should beare all  
560 the wrongs, you would be out Athlaffed.

Emu. Most true.

Sir O. By god[,] is out a crie friends, but harg Farneze,  
Vreenze[,] twag a great teale to Emuloes: Ow. is great teale  
of frends: ha ha[,] is tell fine admirable sheft, by Cod[,]  
565 Emuloes, for feare S. Owen, knog her shines, is tell, Sir Owen  
by tozen shentlemen[,] her pooets is put about with lathes,  
ha, ha, serge her[,] serge her.

Fa. No more[,] tell Vreenze of it: why should you two  
fall out for the loue of a woman, confidering what store we  
570 haue of them? Sir Emulo[,] I gratulate your peace, your  
company you know is precious to vs, and wee le bee merrie,  
and ride abroad: before god[,] now I talke of riding, Sir  
Owen me thinkes has an excellent boote.

Vre. His leg graces the boote.

575 S. Ow. By God[,] is fine leg and fine poote to: but Emulas  
leg is petter, and finer, and shenglier skin to weare.

Emu. I bought them of a pennurious Cordwainer, & they  
are the most incongruent that ere I ware.



S. Own. Congruent? [ploud,] what leather is congruent,  
580 [panifh leather?

Emu. Ha ha, well Gentlemen[,] I haue other proiects  
becken for me, I muſt diſgreſſe from this bias, and leaue you:  
accept I beſeech you of this vulgar and domeſtick complement.

Whilſt they are ſaluting, Sir Owen gets to Emuloes leg and pulſ  
downe his Boote.

Sir O. Pray Emuloes[,] let her ſee her congruente leather[;]  
585 ha ha, owe what a pox is heere: ha, ha[,] is mag a wall  
to her fhins, for keeb her warme?

Fa. Whats heer[,] lathes? where's the lime & hair Emulo?

Ric. Oh rare, is this to ſaue his fhins?

S. Ow. Ha, ha, Rice[,] goe call Gwenthyan.

590 Ric. I will maſter[:] dahoma, Gwenthyan[,] dahoma?

S. Ow. A pogs on her[,] goe fedge her and call her within.

Ric. I am gone fir.

[Exit Rice.]

Fa. Nay fir Owen[,] what meane you?

S. Ow. By Cod[,] is meane ta let Gwenthyan ſee what  
595 bobie foole loue her, a pogs on you.

Emu. Sir Owen and Signiors both, doe not expatiate my  
obloquie, my loue ſhall bee ſo faſt conglutinated to you.

S. Ow. Cods plud, you call her gluttons? Gwenthyan,  
ſo ho Gwenthyan?

600 Emu. Ile not diſgeſt this pill, Signiors, adieu.

You are Faſtidious and I baniſh you.

[Exit Emulo.]

Enter Gwenthyan.

Fa. Gods ſo, heere comes the widdow, but in faith Sir  
Owen[,] ſay nothing of this.

S. Ow. No[,] goe to thē! by Cod[,] Sir Owen beare as  
605 prauē minde as Emprour.

Gwe. Who calles Gwenthyan ſo great teale of time?

Vre. Sweet widdow[,] euen your councieman heere.

S. Ow. Belly the ruddo whee: wrage witho, Mandag eny  
Mou du[ac] wellock en wea awh.

610 Gwe. Sir Owen[,] gramarrye whee: Gwenthyan Mandage  
eny, ac wellock en Thawen en ryn mogh.

Far. Mundage Thlawen, oh my good widdow[,] gabble that we may vnderstand you, and haue at you.

S. Ow. Haue at her: nay by Cod[,] is no haue at her to.  
615 Is tawge in her prittifh tongue, for tis fine delicates tongue,  
I can tell her: wellhe tongue is finer as greeke tongue.

Far. A bakte Neates tongue is finer then both.

S. Ow. But what faies Gwenthians now? will haue Sir  
Owen? Sir Owen is knowne for a wiselie man, as any since  
620 Adam and Eues time, and that is by Gods vdge me a great  
teale agoe.

Vre. I thinke Salomon was wiser then Sir Owen.

S. Ow. Salomons had prettie wit: but what say you to  
King Taue: King Taue is well knowne was as good musi-  
625 tions, as the pest fidler in aul Italie, and King Taue was Sir  
Owens countrieman, yes truely a prittifh fhentlemen porne,  
and did twinkle, twinkle, twinkle, out a crie vpon wellsh-  
harpe, and tis knowne Taue loue Mistris Persabe, as Sir  
Owen loues Gwenthian: will her haue Sir Owen now?

630 Far. Faith widdow[,] take him, Sir owen is a tall man I  
can tell you.

S. ow. Tall man, as God vnde mee, her thinke the prittifh  
fhentleman is saliant as Mars[,] that is [—] the fine knaues,  
the poets say [—] the God of pribles & prables. I hope wid-  
635 dowe[,] you see little more in Sir owen then in Sir Emuloes;  
say shall her haue her now? tis saliant, as can desire, I  
warrant her.

Gw. Sir Owen, Sir Owen, tis not for saliant, Gwenthian  
care so much, but for honest and fertuous, and louing and  
640 pundall to leade her haue her will.

S. owe. God vdge mee, tage her away to her husband,  
and is led her haue her will owd a crie, yet by God is pridle  
her well enoughe.

Gw. Well S. owen, Gwenthian is going to her cozen  
645 Gualther the Duke, for you knowe is her neere cozen by  
marriage, by tother husband that pring her from Wales.

ow. By Cod[,] Wales is better countrie than Italies, a great  
teale so better.

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614 to,] 616 her.] 619 Owen,] 633 fhentleman,] 634 prables,]  
635 Emuloes,] 636 her? haue her now,]



Gw. Now if her cozen Gwalther say Gwenthyan[,] tage  
650 ths pritifh knight, fhall loue her diggon: but muft haue her  
good will: marg your thad Sir owen.

ow. Owe whats elfe: Sir owen marg p<sup>t</sup> ferrewel, yet fhall  
tage her downe quiglie inough; come widdowe[,] will wag to  
the coward, now to her cozen, and bid her cozen tell her  
655 minde of Sir owen.

Gw. Youle man Gwenthyan Sir owen?

ow. Yes by Cod[,] and prauely to; come Shentlemans[,]  
you'le tag paines to goe with her.

Far. Weele follow you presently Sir owen.

660 S. ow. Come widdow: Vn loddiss Glane Gwēthya ā mondu.

Gw. Gramercie wheeh, Am a Mock honnoh.

[Exeunt.

Far. So this wil be rare: Sirrah Vrcenze, at the marriage  
night of thefe two, infteede of Io Hymen, we fhall heere hey  
ho Hiemen, their loue will bee like a great fire made of bay  
665 leaues, that yeeldes nothing but cracking noife, noife.

Vre. If fhe miffe his crowne[,] tis no matter for crackking.

Far. So fhe foader it againe, it will paffe currant.

Enter Onophrio and Iulia walking ouer the Stage.

Vre. Peace[,] heere comes our faire miftris.

Far. Lets haue a fling at her.

670 Vre. So you may, but the hardnes is to hit her.

Ono. Farewel[!] Farneze[,] you attēd wel vpō your miftris.

Iul. Nay, nay, their wages fhall be of the fame colour  
that their feruice is of.

Far. Faith miftris[,] would you had trauelled a litile  
675 fooner this way, you fhould haue feene a rare comedy acted  
by Emulo.

Vre. Euerie courteous mouth will be a ftage for that,  
rather tell her of the welch tragedie that's towards.

Iul. What Tragedie?

680 Far. Sir Owen fhall marrie your couzen Gwenthyan.

Iul. Ift poffible: oh they two will beget braue warriours:  
for if fhe scolde[,] heele fight, and if he quarrell[,] fhee take

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653 inough,] 657 to,] 658 her?] 666 crackking,] 671 miftris,]  
680 Gwenthyan,]

vp the bucklers: thee's fire and hee's brimstone, must not there be hot doings then[,] thinke you?

685 On. Theyle prooue Turtles, for their hearts being so like, they cannot choose but bee louing.

Iul. Turtles: Turkie-cocks, for Gods loue[,] lets intreate the Duke my brother, to make a lawe, that wherefoeuer Sir Owen and his Ladie dwell, the next neighbour may alwaies  
690 be Constable, leaft the peace bee broken, for theyle doe nothing but crye arme, arme, arme.

Far. I thinke sir Owen would die rather then loofe her loue.

Iul. So thinke not I.

On. I should for Iulia, if I were Iulies husband.

695 Iul. Therefore Iulia shal not be Onophries wife, for Ile haue none die for me. I like not that coloure.

Far. Yes[,] for your loue you would Iulia.

Iul. No[,] nor yet for my hate Farneze.

Vre. Would you not haue men loue you sweet mistress?

700 Iul. No[,] not I, fye vpon it sweet seruant.

On. Would you with men to hate you?

Iul. Yes[,] rather then loue me, of al saints I loue not to serue mistress Venus.

Far. Then I perceiue you meane to leade apes in hell.

705 Iul. That spiteful prouerbe was proclaim'd against them that are marryed vpon earth, for to be married is to liue in a kinde of hell.

Far. I[,] as they doe at barlibreake.

Iul. Your wife is your ape, and that heauie burthen  
710 wedlocke, your Iacke an Apes clog, therefore ile not bee tyed too, t: Master Farneze, sweet virginie is that inuisible God-head that turns vs into Angells, that makes vs saints on earth and starres in heauen: heere Virgins seeme goodly, but there glorious: In heauen is no wooing[,] yet all there are  
715 louely: in heauen are no weddings[,] yet al there are louers.

On. Let us[,] sweet Madame[,] turne earth into heauen, by being all louers heere to.

Iul. So we doe[,] to an earthly heauen we turne it.

720 On. Nay[,] but deare Iulia, tel vs why fo much you hate,  
to enter into the lifts of this fame combat[,] Matrimonie?

Iul. You may well call that a combat, for indeede marriage is nothing else, but a battaile of loue, a friendly fighting, a kinde of fauourable terrible warre: but you erre Onophrio  
725 in thinking I hate it[:] I deale by marriage as some Indians doe [by] the Sunne, adore it, and reuerence it, but dare not stare on it, for feare I be starke blinde: you three are batchellers, and being sicke of this maiden-head, count al thinges bitter, which the phisicke of a single life minnisters  
730 vnto you: you imagine if you could mak the armes of faire Ladies the spheres of your hearts, good hearts, then you were in heauen: oh but Batchilers[,] take heede, you are no sooner in that heauen, but you straite slip into hell.

Far. As long as I haue a beautifull Ladie to torment me,  
735 I care not.

Vre. Nor I[,] the sweetnes of her lookes shall make me rellish any punnishment.

On. Except the punnishment of the horne[,] Vrcenze, put that in.

740 Iul. Nay hee were best put that by: Lord, Lord, see what vnthrifts this loue makes vs? if he once but get into our mouthes, hee labours to turne our tongues to clappers, and to ring all in, at Cupids Church when we were better to bite off our tōgues, so we may thrust him out, Cupid is sworne enemie  
745 to time, & he that looseth time I can tell you looseth a friend.

Fa. I, a bald friend.

Iu. Therefore my good seruants[,] if you weare my liuerie, cast of this loose vpper coate of loue: bee ashamde to waite vppon a boy, a wag, a blinde boy, a wanton: My brother  
750 the Duke wants our companies, tis Idlenes and loue, makes you captaines to this solitarines, followe me & loue not, & ile teach you how to find libertie.

All. We obey to follow you, but not to loue you, no[,] renounce that obedience.

[Exeunt.

Enter the Marqueesse and Furio.

755 Marq. Furio.

Fur. My Lorde.



Marq. Thy faith I oft haue tride, thy faith I credite[.]  
For I haue found it follid as the rocke:  
No babbling eccho fits vpon thy lips,  
760 For silence euen in speach, doth seale them vp.  
Wilt thou be trustie Furio to thy Lorde?

Fur. I will.

Marq. It is enough, those words I will,  
Yeelds sweeter musicke then the gilded founds,  
Which chatting parrats[,] long tounge'd sicophants,  
765 Send from the organs of their firen voice.  
Griffill my wife thou seeft beare in her wombe,  
The ioy of marriage: Furio[,] I protest,  
My loue to her is as the heate to fire,  
Her loue to mee as beautie to the Sunne,  
770 (Inseperable adiuncts)[:] in one word,  
So dearely loue I Griffill, that my life  
Shall end, when she doth ende to be my wife.

Fur. Tis well done.

Marq. Yet is my bosome burnt vp with desires,  
775 To trie my Griffills patience, Ile put on  
A wrinkled forehead, and turne both mine eyes  
Into two balles of fire, and claspe my hand  
Like to a mace of Iron, to threaten death.  
But Furio[,] when that hand lifts vp to strike,  
780 It shall flie open to embrace my loue,  
Yet Griffill must not knowe this: all my words,  
Shall smack of wormewood, all my deeds of gall,  
My tongue shall iarre, my hart be muscical,  
Yet Griffill must not knowe this.

Enter Griffill.

Fur.

Not for me.

785 Marq. Furio[,] My triall is thy seecreie,  
Yonder she comes: on goes this maske of frownes,  
Tell her I am angrie: men men[,] trie your wiues,  
Loue that abides sharpe tempests, sweetely thrines.

Fur. My Lorde is angry.

790 Griſ. Angry? the heauēſ forefēd: with whō? for what?  
Is it with mee?

Fur. Not me.

Griſ. May I preſume,  
To touch the vaine of that ſad diſcontent,  
Which ſwels vpon my deare Lords angrie browe?

Marq. Away away!

Griſ. Oh chide me not away,  
795 Your handmaid Griſſill with vnuexed thoughts,  
And with an vnrepining ſoule, will beare  
The burden of all forrowes, of all woe,  
Before the ſmalleſt griefe ſhould wound you ſo.

Marq. I am not beholding to your loue for this,  
800 Woman I loue thee not, thine eyes to mine  
Are eyes of Baſiliſkes, they murder me.

Griſ. Suffer me to part hence, Ile teare them out,  
Be cauſe they worke ſuch treaſon to my loue.

Marq. Talke not of loue[,] I hate thee more thē poyſon  
805 That ſtickes vpon the aires infected winges,  
Exhald vp by the hot breath of the Sunne.  
Tis for thy ſake that ſpeckled infamie,  
Sits like a ſcreech-owle on my honoured breaſt,  
To make my ſubiects ſtare and moeke at mee.

810 They ſweare theyle neuer bend their awfull knees  
To the baſe iſſue of thy begger wombe,  
Tis for thy ſake they curſe me, raile at me:  
Thinkſt thou then I can loue thee[?] (oh my ſoule)  
Why didſt thou builde this mountaine of my ſhame,

• 815 Why lye my ioyes buried in Griſſills name?

Gri. My gracious Lorde [—]

Marq. Call not me gracious Lorde,  
See woman[,] heere hangs vp thine aunceſtrie,  
The monuments of thy nobillitie,  
This is thy ruſſet gentrie, coate, and creſt[:]

820 Thy earthen honors I will neuer hide,  
Be cauſe this bridle ſhall pull in thy pride.

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794 Away away,] 806 Sunne,] 809 mee,] 810 knees,] 812 raile  
at me,] 816 Lorde.]



- Grif. Poore Griffill is not proud of these attires,  
 They are to me but as your liuerie,  
 And from your humble seruant[,] when you please,  
 825 You may take all this outside, which, indeede  
 Is none of Griffills, her best wealth is neede.  
 Ile cast this gaynesse of, and be content  
 To weare this ruffet brauerie of my owne,  
 For thats more warme then this. I shall looke olde,  
 830 No sooner in course freeze then cloth of golde.  
 Marq. Spite of my soule sheele triumph ouer mee.  
 Fur. Your gloue my Lord.  
 Marq. Cast downe my gloue againe,  
 Stoope you for it, for I will haue you stoope,  
 And kneele euen to the meanest groome I keepe.  
 835 Grif. Tis but my duetie[;] if youle haue me stoope,  
 Euen to your meanest groome my Lord ile stoope.  
 Marq. Furio[,] how flouently thou goest attir'd?  
 Fu. Why so my lorde?  
 Marq. Looke heere[,] thy shooes are both vntide,  
 840 Griffill[,] kneele you and tye them.  
 Fur. Pardon me.  
 Marq. Quickly I charge you.  
 Grif. Friend[,] you doe me wrong,  
 To let me holde my Lord in wrath so long,  
 Stand still[,] Ile kneele and tye them: what I doe  
 Furio tis done to him and not to you.  
 Tyes them.  
 845 Fur. Tis so.  
 Marq. Oh strange[,] oh admirall patience,  
 I feare when Griffills bones sleepe in her graue,  
 The world a second Griffill nere will haue.  
 Now get you in.  
 Grif. I goe my gracious Lord.  
 [Exit.  
 850 Marq. Didst thou not here her sigh, did not one frown  
 Contract her beautious forehead?  
 Fur. I saw none.

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826 neede,] 829 this,] 836 stoope,] 841 I charge you,] 844 in  
 der Bühnenanweisung Tye] Coll. 848 haue,] 851 forehead.]

Marq. Did not one drop fal downe frō forrowes eies,  
To blame my heart for theſe her iniuries?

Fur. Faith not a drop, I feare ſhee le frowne on mee,  
855 For doinge mee ſervice.

Marq. Furio[,] that ile trie,  
My voice may yet ore-take her: Griffill, Griffill?

Enter Griffill.

Fur. She comes at firſt call.

Grif. Did my Lorde call?

Marq. Woman[,] I cald thee not,  
I ſaid this flauē was like to Griffill, Griffill,  
860 And muſt you therefore come to torture mee?  
Nay ſtay[:] here's a companion fit for you.  
Thou vexeſt me, ſo doth this villaine to,  
But ere the Sun to his higheſt throne aſcend,  
My indignation in his death ſhall end.

865 Grif. Oh pardone him my Lord, for mercies wings  
Beares round about the world the fame of Kings,  
Temper your wrath[,] I beg it on my knee,  
Forgiue his fault though youle not pardon mee.

Marq. Thanke her.

Fu. Thankes Madame.

Marq. I haue not true power,  
870 To wound thee with deniall; oh my Griffill,  
How dearly ſhould I loue thee,  
Yea die to doe thee good, but that my ſubiects  
Upbraid me with thy birth, and call it baſe,  
And grieue to ſee thy Father and thy Brother  
875 Heau'de vp to dignities.

Grif. Oh caſt them downe,  
And ſend poore Griffill poorely home againe,  
High Cedars fall, when lowe ſhrubs ſafe remaine.

Enter at the ſame doore Mario and Lepido.

Marq. Fetch me a cup of wine.

[Exit Griffill.

Fur. Shees a faint ſure.

---

[855 ſervice?] 861 you,] 868 mee,] 870 deniall,] 878 Mari.  
ſtatt Marq.] — Exit (ohne Griffill) ſteht hinter V. 877] Coll.

Marq. Oh Furio[,] now ile boast that I haue found  
 880 An Angell vpon earth: shee shalbe cround  
 The empreffe of all women. Lepido?

Mario? what was she that passed by you?

Both. Your vertuous wife.

Marq. Call her not vertuous,  
 For I abhorre her, did not her swolne eyes  
 885 Looke red with hate or scorne? Did she not curse  
 My name or Furioes name?

Mari. No my deare Lord.

Marq. For he and I raild at her, spit at her,  
 Ile burst her heart with sorrow', for I griue  
 To see you griue that I haue wrong'd my state,  
 890 By louing one whose basenes now I hate.

Enter Griffill with wine.

Come faster if you can; forbear Mario,  
 Tis but her office: what she does to mee,  
 She Shall performe to any of you three.  
 Ile drinke[.]

895 • Lep. I am glad to see her pride thus trampled downe[.]

Marq. Now serue Mario, then serue Lepido:  
 And as you bowe to me, so bend to them.

Grif. Ile not deni't to win a diademe.

Mari. Your wifdome I commend that haue p<sup>e</sup> power  
 900 To raise or throw downe as you smile or lower.

Grif. Your patience I commend that can abide,  
 To heare a flatterer speake[,] yet neuer chide.

Marq. Hence, hence[!] dare you controule thē whome I grace[?]  
 Come not within my sight.

Grif. I will obey,

905 And if you please, nere more beholde the day.

[Exit.

Marq. Furio?

Fur. My Lorde.

Marq. Watch her where she goes,  
 And marke how in her lookes this tryeall shewes.

Fur. I will[.]

[Exit.

---

879 found,] 891 can,] 893 three,] 894 *steht am Ende von* 892]  
 906 Lorde,]

Marq. Mario, Lepido, I loath this Griffill,  
910 As sicke men loath the bitterest potion  
Which the Phifitions hand holdes out to them.  
For Gods sake frowne vpon her when she smiles,  
For Gods sake smile for ioy to see her frowne,  
For Gods sake scorne her, call her beggers brat,  
915 Torment her with your lookes, your words[,] your deedes,  
My heart shall leape for ioy, that her heart bleedcs,  
Wilt thou doe this Mario?

Mari. If you say,  
Mario, doe this[,] I must in it obey.

Marq. I know you must, so Lepido[,] must you[.]  
920 Tis well; but counsell me whats best to doe,  
How shall I please my subiects? doe but speake,  
He doe it though Griffills heart in sunder breake.

Lepi. Your subiects doe repine at nothing more,  
Then to beholde Ianicola[,] her Father,  
925 And her base brother lifted vp so high.

Mari. To banish them from Court were pollicie.

Marq. Oh rare, oh profound wisedome! deare Mario, \*  
It fourthwith shall be done, they shall not stay,  
Though I may win by them a Kingdomes sway.

[Exit.

930 Lep. Mario[,] laugh at this.

Ma. Why so I doe.  
Hedlong I had rather fall to miserie  
Than see a begger raised to dignitie.

[Exeunt.

Enter Babulo singing with a boy after him.

Bab. Boy[,] how fits my rapier: la sol[,] la sol. &c.

Boy. It hangs as euen as a chandlers beame.

935 Bab. Some of them deserue to hang vpon a beame for  
that euennes, boy[,] learne to giue euery man his due, giue  
the hangman his due, for hee's a necessary member.

Boy. Thats true, for he cuts of manie wicked members.

Bab. Hees an excellent barber, he shauces most cleanly[.]  
940 But page[,] how dost thou like the Court?

Boy. Prettilie and so.

---

911 them,] 916 bleedcs,] 927 wisedome,] 929 sway,] 931 miserie.]  
941 so,]



Bab. Faith so doe I[,] pretlie and so: I am wearie of being a Courtiour Boy.

Boy. That you cannot bee Master, for you are but a  
945 Courtiers man.

Bab. Thou saist true & thou art the Courtiers mans boy, so thou art a courtier in decimo sexto[,] in the least volume, or a courtier at the third hand, or a courtier by reuerfion, or a courtier three descents remoued, or a courtier in minoritie  
950 or an vnder Courtier or a courtier in posse, and I thie Master in esse.

Boy. A posse an esse non este argumentum[,] Master.

Bab. Thou hast to much wit to be so little, but imitation, imitation, is his good Lord and Master.

Enter Ianicola[,] Laureo and Furio.

955 Iani. Banisht from Court, oh what haue wee misdone?

Lau. What haue wee done, wee must bee thus disgraced?

Fu. I know not, but you are best packe, tis my Lords will, and thats law, I must vncase you: your best course is to fall to your owne trades.

960 Ba. Sirra, what art thou[?] a Broker?

Fu. No, how then? I am a Gentleman.

Ba. Th'art a Iewe, th'art a Pagan: how darst thou leaue them without a cloke for the raine, whē his daughter, and his sifter, and my Mistris is the Kings wife?

965 Fu. Goe looke, sirra foole, my condition is to ship you too.

Bab. There's a ship of fooles ready to hoyft sayle[;] they stay but for a good winde and your company: ha ha ha, I wonder (if all fooles were banisht) where thou wouldst take shipping.

970 Ian. Peace Babulo, we are banisht from the Court.

Bab. I am glad, it shall ease me of a charge heere, as long as we haue good cloathes on our backes, tis no matter for our honesty, wee'll liue any where, and keep Court in any corner.

Enter Griffill.

Ian. O my deere Griffill.

Gri. You from me are banisht,

975 But ere you leaue the Court, oh leaue I pray

Your grieffe in Griffils bofome, let my cheekes  
Be watred with woes teares, for heere and heere,  
And in the error of thefe wandring eyes,

Began your difcontent: had not I been,

980 By nature painted thus: this had not been.

Do leaue the Court and care be patient,

In your olde cottage you fhall finde content.

Mourne not becaufe thefe filkes are tane away,

You'll feeme more rich in a courfe gowne of gray.

985 Fur. Will you be packing? when?

Lau.

Friend[,] whats thy name?

Fur. Furio my name is, what of that?

Bab. Is thy name Furie? thou art halfe hang'd, for thou  
haft an ill name.

Lau. Thy lookes are like thy name, thy name & lookes

990 Approoue thy nature to be violent.

Grif. Brother[,] forbeare, hee's feruant to my Lord.

Ba. To him, M. spare him not an inch.

Lau. Princes are neuer pleas'd with fubiects finnes,

But pitie thofe whom they are fworne to fmite,

995 And grieue as tender mothers when they beate,

With kinde correction their vnquiet babes —

So fhould their Officers compaffionate,

The mifery of any wretches ftate.

Fur. I muft obey my Mafter, though indeed

1000 My heart (that feemes hard) at their wrongs doth bleed.

Pray get you gone, I fay little, but you knowe my minde.

Bab. Little faid is foone amended, thou fay'ft but little,  
and that little will be mended foone[,] indeed, thats neuer,  
and fo the Prouerbe ftands in his full ftrengh, power and vertue.

Enter Marqueffe, Mario and Lepido, and attendantes.

1005 Fur. They will not goe my Lord.

Marq.

Will they not goe?

Away with them, expell them from our Court!

Base wretches, is it wrong to afke mine owne?

Thinke you that my affection to my wife,

Is greater then my loue to publicke weale?

1010 Doe not my people murmure euerie houre,  
That I haue rail'd you vp to dignities?  
Doe not lewde Minstrels[,] in their ribalde rimes,  
Scofe at her birth, and defeant on her dower?

Ian. Alas my Lord, you knew her state before.

1015 Marq. I did, and from the bounty of my heart,  
I rob'd my wardrop of all precious robes,  
That she might shine in beautie like the Sunne,  
And in exchange, I hung this russet gowne,  
And this poore pitcher[,] for a monument,

1020 Amongst my costliest Iemmes: see heere they hang,  
Griffill[,] looke heere, this gowne is vnlike to this?

Grif. My gracious Lord, I know full well it is.

Ba. Griffill was as pretty a Griffill in the one as in the  
other.

1025 Marq. You haue forgot these rags, this water pot.

Grif. With reuerence of your Highnes I haue not.

Ba. Nor I, many a good messe of water grewell has that  
yeelded vs.

Marq. Yes, you are proude of these your rich attyres.

1030 Grif. Neuer did pride keep pace with my desires.

Marq. Wel, get you on, part brieflie with your father.

Ian. Our parting shall be short: daughter[,] farewell.

Lau. Our parting shall be short. sister[,] farewell.

Ba. Our parting shall be short: Griffill[,] farewell.

1035 Ian. Remember thou didn't liue when thou wert poor,  
And now thou dost but liue, come sonne[,] no more.

Marq. See them without the Pallace Furio.

Fu. Good, yet tis bad.

[Exeunt with Furio.

Ba. Shall Furio see them out of the Pallace? doe you turne

1040 vs out of doores? you turne vs out of doores then?

Marq. Hence with that foole, Mario[,] driue him hence.

Ba. He shall not neede, I am no Oxe nor Ass, I can goe  
without driuing: for al his turning, I am glad of one thing.

Lep. Whats that Babulo?

1045 Bab. Mary that hee shall neuer hit vs ith teeth with turning vs, for tis not a good turne. Follower[,] I must eafhere you: I must giue ouer houskeeping, tis the fashion, farewell boy.

Boy. Marie farewell and be hang'd.

1050 Ba. I am glad thou tak'st thy death so patiently, farewell my Lord, adue my Lady. Great was the wisedome of that Taylor, that sticht me in Motley, for hee's a foole that leaues basket making to turne Courtier: I see my destiny dogs me: at first I was a foole (for I was borne an Innocent)[,]  
1055 then I was a traeller, and then a Basket-maker, and then a Courtier, and now I must turne basket-maker and foole againe: the one I am sworne to, but the foole I bestowe vpon the world, for Stultorum plena sunt ominia[,] adue, adue.

[Exit.

Mar. Farewell simplicity, part of my shame[,] farewell.

1060 Now Lady[,] what say you of their exile?

Gri. What euer you thinke good Ile not terme vile.

By this rich burthen in my worthles wombe,  
Your hand-maide is so subiect to your will,  
That nothing which you doe, to her seemes ill.

1065 Mar. I am glad you are so patient, get you in.

[Exit Gr.

Thy like will neuer be, neuer hath bin.

Mario, Lepido?

Mario. Lepi.

My grations Lord.

Mar. The hand of pouerty held downe your states,  
As it did Griffils, and as her I rayf'd,

1070 To shine in greatnes sphere, so did mine eye,  
Through gilt beames of your births, therefore me thinkes  
Your soule should sympathize, and you should know,  
What passions in my Griffils bosome flowe.  
Faith tell me your opinions of my wife?

1075 Lep. She is as vertuous and as patient,  
As innocence, as patience it selfe.

1046 turne, follower]      1051 Lady, great]      1056 againe,]  
1059 farewell,]      1061 vile,]      1065 in,]      1073 flowe,]



Mari. She merits much of loue, little of hate,  
Onely in birth she is vnfortunate.

Marq. I, I, the memory of that birth doth kill me.  
1080 She is with childe you see: her trauaile past,  
I am determin'd she shall leaue the Court,  
And liue againe with olde Ianicola.

Both. Therein you shew true wisedome.

Marq.

Doe I indeed?

Deare friends[,] it shall be done, Ile haue you two  
1085 Rumour that presently, to the wide eares  
Of that newes-louing-beast[,] the multitude:  
Goe tell them for their sakes this shall be done.

Mari. With wings we flye.

Lep.

Swifter then time we run.

[Exeunt.

Marq. Begone[,] then: oh these times, these impious times,  
1090 How swift is mischief? with what nimble feete  
Doth enuy gallop to doe iniury?  
They both confesse my Griffils innocence,  
They both admire her wondrous patience,  
Yet in their malice and to flatter me,  
1095 Head-long they run to this impiety.

Oh whats this world, but a confused throng  
Of fooles and mad men, crowding in a thrust  
To shoulder out the wise, trip downe the iust.  
But I will try by selfe experience,  
1100 And shun the vulgar sentence of the base.  
If I finde Griffill strong in patience,  
These flatterers shall be wounded with disgrace,  
And whilst verse liues, the fame shall neuer dye,  
Of Griffils patience, and her constancy.

[Exit.

Enter Vreenze and Onophrio at seuerall doores, and Farneze in the  
mid't.

1105 Far. Onophrio and Vreenze[,] early met, euery man take

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1079 mirth] *Coll. Ebd.* me.] 1080 see,] 1086 multitude,] 1089 im-  
pious times,] 1100 base,] 1104 Farnezic] *in der Bühnenanweisung*  
*nach dieser Zeile.*

his stand, for there comes a most rich purchase of mirth:  
Emulo with his hand in a faire scarfe, and Iulia with him,  
she laughes apace, and therefore I am sure hee lyes apace.

Enter Emulo with Iulia.

Ono. His arme in a scarfe? has he been fighting?

1110 Far. Fighting? hang him[,] coward.

Vre. Perhaps he does it to shew his scarfe.

Far. Peace, heere the asse comes: stand aside, and see him  
curuet.

Iul. Did my new married cousen[,] Sir Owen[,] wound you  
1115 thus?

Emu. Hee certes! As he is allyed to the illustrious Iulia,  
I liue his deuoted, as Signior Emuloes enemy, no adulatory  
language can redeeme him from vengeance: if you please my  
most accomplit Mistris, I will make a most palpable demon-  
1120 stration of our battaile.

Iul. As palpably as you can good seruant.

Ono. Oh she gullles him simply.

Far. She has reason, is he not a simple gull?

Vre. Sound an allarum ere his battle begin.

1125 Far. Peace, fa, fa, fa.

Emu. Sir Owen and my selfe encountring, I vailde my  
vpper garment, and enriching my head againe with a fine  
veluet cap, which I then wore, with a band to it of Orient  
Pearle and Golde, and a foolish sprig of some nine or ten  
1130 pound price, or so, wee grewe to an emparleance.

Far. Oh ho[,] ho, this is rare.

Iul. You did wisely to conferre before you combated.

Emu. Uerily we did so, but falling into the handes of bit-  
ter words, we retorted a while, and then drew.

1135 Ono. True, his gloues to saue his hands.

Vre. No, his hand-kercher to wipe his face.

Far. He sweate pittifully for feare, if it were true: if [—]

Emu. I was then encountred with a pure Toledo siluered:  
and eleuating mine arme, in the drawing (by Iesu sweete Ma-  
1140 dame, my rich cloake[,] loaded with Pearle, which I wore at

your sifter Griffils bridall. I made it then (by God) of meere purpose, to grace the Court, and so foorth) that foolish garment dropped downe: the buttons were illustrious and resplendent diamonds, but its all one.

1145 Far. Nay, they were all scarce one.

Emu. Diuine Lady[,] as I said, we both lying,

Fa. Ile be sworne[,] thou dost.

Emu. I must recognize and confesse, very generouſlie, and heroycallie at our ward, the welſh Knight[,] making a very  
1150 desperate thrust at my bosome, before God[,] fairely miſt my imbroydered Ierkin that I then wore, and with my ponyard vapulating and checking his engine downe, it cut mee a payre of very imperiall cloth of golde hose, at least thus long thwart the cannon, at least.

1155 Iul. And miſt your leg?

Fa. I, and his hose too.

Emu. And miſt my leg (moſt bright ſtarre)[:] which ad-  
uantagious ſigne I ( ) this legge, (hauing a fayre carna-  
tion ſilke ſtocking on) ſtumbled, my ſpangled garters in that  
1160 imprifion fell about my feete, and he[,] fetching a moſt vala-  
rous and ingenious careere, inuaded my Rapier hand, entred  
this gilded fort, and in that paſſado vulnerated my hand thus  
deepe[,] I proteſt, and conteſt heauen.

Iul. No more, its too tragicall.

1165 Emu. I conclude, I thought (by the Synthereſis of my foule)  
I had not been imperiſhed, till the bloud[,] ſhewing his red  
tincture, at the top of a faire enuveloped gloue, funke along  
my arme, & ſpoil'd a rich waſtecoate wrought in ſilke and  
golde, a toy &c.

1170 Far. Hee'll ſtrip himſelfe out of his ſhirt anone. For Gods  
ſake[,] ſtep in.

Emu. My opinion is I ſhall neuer recuperate the legittimate  
office of this member[,] my arme.

All 3. Signior Emulo.

1175 Emu. Sweet and accompliſht Signiors.

Far. Ha[,] ha, Madame[,] you had a pitiful hand with this  
foole, but ſee he is recouered.

Iu. But seruant[,] where is your other hand?

Ono. See sweet mistris[,] one is my prisoner.

1180 Vrc. The other I haue tane vp with the fine finger.

Iul. Looke in his scarfe Farneze for an other, hee has a third hand, and tis pitifully wounded hee tels me, pitifully, pitifully.

Far. Wounded? oh palpable! come[,] a demonstration of it.

1185 Ono. Giue him your larded cloake Signior to stop his mouth, for he will vndoe you with lyes.

Vrc. Come Signior, one fine lye now to apparrell all these former, in some light farcenet robe of truth: none, none, in this mint?

1190 Iul. Fye seruant, is your accomplit Courtship nothing but lyes?

Ono. Fye Signior, no musicke in your mouth, but battles, yet a meere milke-sop.

Vrc. Fye Emulo, nothing but wardrop, yet heare all your 1195 trunckes of suites?

Far. Fye Signior, a scarfe about your necke, yet will not hang your selfe to heare all this?

Iul. Seruant[,] I discharge you my seruice, Ile entertaine no braggarts.

1200 Ono. Signior, we discharge you the Court, wee'l haue no gullies in our company.

Far. Abram[,] we casheere you our company, wee must haue no minnions at Court.

Emu. Oh patience[,] bee thou my fortification: Italy[,] thou 1205 spurnest me for vttering that nutriment, which I sucked from thee.

Fa. How Italy? away you ideot: Italy infects you not, but your owne diseased spirits: Italy? out you froth, you scumme! Because your soule is mud, and that you haue 1210 breathed in Italy, you'll say Italy haue defyled you: away you bore, thou wilt wallow in mire in the sweetest countrie in the world.

Emu. I cannot conceipt this rawnes:

---

1184 wounded, oh palpable,  
because]

1200 yoy] *Coll.*

1209 scumme,



Italy[,] farewell, Italians[,] adue.

1215 A vertuous soule abhorres to dwell with you.

[Exit.

All. Ha[,] ha[,] ha: Laugh.

Enter Marqueffe and Sir Owen.

Iu. Peace seruants, here comes the Duke[,] my brother.

Marq. Loe coufen[,] heere they be: are yee heere Gentle-  
men?

And Iulia you too? then Ile call your eyes,

1220 To testifie, that to Sir Meredith,

I doe deliuer heere foure sealed bondes:

Coze[,] haue a care to them, it much behooues you,

For Gentlemen, within this parchment lyes,

Fine thousand Duckets[,] payable to him,

1225 Iust foureteene daies before next Penticoast.

Coze[,] it concernes you, therefore keep them safe.

Owen. Fugh, her warrant her shall log them vb from  
Sunne and Moone, and seauen starres too I hobe, but harg  
you cozen Marqueffe.

1230 Marq. Now, whats the matter?

Ow. A poxe on it[,] tis calde matter, well, well pray  
cozen Marqueffe, vse her Latie Griffil a good teale better, for  
as God vdge me, you hurd Sir Owen out a cry by maging  
her sad and powd so, see you?

1235 Marq. Hurt you? what harme or good reape you thereby?

Owen. Harme, yes by Gods lid, a poggie teale of harme,  
for loog you cozen, and cozen Iulia, & Shentlemen awl, (for  
awl is to know her wifes case) you know her tag to wife the  
widdow Gwenthyan.

1240 Marq. True cozen[,] & shee's a vertuous gentlewoman.

On. One of the patientest Ladies in the world.

Vre. Shee's wondrous beautifull & wondrous kinde.

Far. Shee's the quietest woman that ere I knew, for good  
heart, shee'll put vp any thing.

1245 Iul. Cozen[,] I am proude that you are sped so well.

Ow. Are you? by God[,] so are not I. Ile tel you what

cozen Marqueffe, you awl know her wel, you know her face  
is liddle faire & smug, but her has a tung goes lingle iangle,  
lingle iangle, petter and worfe then pelles when her houle  
1250 is a fire: patient? ha[,] ha[,] fir Owen fhall tag her heeles  
and run to Wales, and her play the tiuell fo out a cry ter-  
rible[,] a pogs on her[,] la.

Iul. Why cozen[,] what are her quallities that you fo com-  
mend her?

1255 Ow. Commend her? no by God[,] not I, ha[,] ha: is know  
her quallities petter and petter, fore I commend her: but  
Gwenthian is worfe and worfe out a cry, owe out a cry  
worfe, out of awl cry, fhee's fear'd to be made fool as Griffill  
is, & as God vdge me, her mag fine pobbie foole of Sir Owen.

1260 Her fhide & fhide, & prawle & fcoule, by God[,] and fcradge  
terrible fomtime, owe[,] & haid her wil doe what her can,  
ha[,] ha[,] ha, and fir Owen were hanfome pacheler agen! Pray  
cozen Marqueffe[,] tag fome order in Griffill, or tedge fir Owen  
to mag Gwenthians quiet and tame her.

1265 Mar. To tame her? that Ile teach you prefently.

You had no fooner fpake the word of Taming,  
But mine eye met a fpeedy remedie,  
See cozen[,] heere's a plot where Ofiers grow,  
The ground belongs to olde Ianicula

1270 (My Griffils father)[:] come Sir Meredith,  
Take out your knife[,] cut three and fo will I.  
So, keep yours cozen[,] let them be fafe laide vp,  
Thefe three (thus wound together) Ile preferue.

Ow. What fhall her doe now with thefe? peate and knog  
1275 her[,] Gwenthian?

Enter Mario.

Marq. You fhall not take fuch counsaile from my lips.  
How now Mario? what newes brings thee hither  
In fuch quicke hafte?

Mari. Your wife (my gracious Lord)  
Is now deliuered of two beautious twins,

---

1259 Sir Owen, her]

1262 agen, pray]

1265 prefently,]

1271 fo will I,]

1276 lips,]

1278 in]

1280 A sonne and daughter.

Marq.

Take that for thy paines,

Not for the ioy that I conceiue thereby,

For Griffill is not gracions in the eye

Of those that loue me, therefore I must hate

Those that doe make my life vnfortunate.

1285 And thats my children: must I not Mario?

Thou bowest thy knee, well, well I know thy minde.

Uertue in villaines can no succour finde.

A sonne and daughter? I by them will prooue,

My Griffills patience better, and her loue:

1290 Come Iulia, come Onophrio, coze[,] farewell.

Referue those wandes, these three Ile beare away.

When I require them backe, then will I shew

How easly a man may tame a shrew.

[Exeunt.

Ow. Ha[,] ha[,] ha, tame a shrew, owe tis out a cry ter-  
 1295 rible hard, and more worse then tame a mad pull, but whad  
 meane her cozen to mag her cut her wands? ha[,] ha, God  
 vdge me[,] tis fine knag, I see her knauery now, tis to pang  
 Gwenthians podie and she mag a noife & prabble: Is not so?  
 by Gods lid so, & Gwenthian, sir Owen will knog you before  
 1300 her abide such horrible doe.

Enter Gwenthian and Rice.

Gods lid[,] here her comes. Terdawgh Gwenthian[,] terdawgh.

Gwe. Terdawgh whee, Sir Owen[,] Terdawgh whee.

Owen. Owe, looge heere, fine wandes Gwenthian, is not?

Gwe. Rees[,] tag them and preag them in peecees.

1305 Ric. What say you forsooth?

Gwe. What say you forsooth? you saucie knaue, must her  
 tell her once, and twice, and thrice, and foure times, what to  
 doe? preag these wandes.

Ow. Rees is petter preake Rees his pate: heere Rees[,] carry  
 1310 her home.

Ri. Would I were at gallowes, so I were not heere.

Gwen. Doe and her tare, doe and her tare, see you now,

what shall her doe with wands? peate Gwenthyan podie and  
mag Gwenthyan put her finger in me hole: ha, by God[,] by  
1315 God, is scradge her eies out that tudge her, that tawg to her,  
that loog on her, marg you that Sir Owen?

Owen. Yes, her marg hur. Rees[,] pray marg her Ladie.

Ri. Not I fir[,] shee'll set her markes on me then.

Gwen. Is prade? is prade? goe too Rees, Ile Rees her, you  
1320 tawg you.

Owen. Pray Gwenthien[,] bee patient, as her cozen Griffill is.

Gwe. Griffill owe? owe? Griffill? no[,] no, no, no: her shall  
not mag Gwenthian such ninny pobbie foole as Griffill, I say  
1325 preage her wandes.

Owen. Gods plude[,] is pought her to peate dust out of her  
cloag and parrels.

Gwe. Peate her cloag and parrels? fie, fie, fie, tis lye Sir  
Owen[,] tis lye.

1330 Ri. Your worship may stab her, she giues you the lye.

Ow. Peace Rees, goe to. I pought them indeede to mag  
her horse run and goe a mightie teale of pace, pray let Rees  
tag her in good Gwenthian?

Gwen. Rees[,] beare in her wandes becaufe Sir Owen beg so  
1335 gently.

Owen. Goe Rees, goe locke them vp in a pox or sheft, goe.

Ri. You shal not need to bid me goe, for Ile run.

[Exit.

Owen. I pought them for her horse indeede, for heere was  
her cozen Marquesse and prought her pondes and scriblings  
1340 heere for her money: Gwenthyan[,] pray keepe her pondes  
and keep her wisely: Sirra Gwenthyan[,] is tell her prau  
newes, Griffill is prought to bed of liddle fhentleman and  
fhentlewoman: (is glad out a cry[,] speag her faire) yes  
truely[,] Griffill is prought a bed.

1345 Gwen. Griffills[,] no podie but Griffills? what care I for  
Griffill: I say if Sir Owen loue Gwenthyan, shal not loue  
Griffill nor Marquesse so, see you now?

Ow. God vdge me, not loue her cozen? is shealous? owe



is fine trig, not loue her cozen? God vdge me[,] her wil, and  
1350 hang her selfe, see you now?

Gwe. Hang her selfe, owe, owe, owe, Gwenthians tother  
husband is scawrne to say hang her selfe: hang her selfe?  
owe owe, owe owe.

Ow. Gods plude, what cannot get by prawles, is get by  
1355 owe, owe[,] owe, is terrible Ladie, pray be peace, and cry no  
more owe, owe, owe. Tawfone Gwenthians, God vdge me[,]  
is very furie.

Gwen. O mon Iago, mon due, hang Gwenthians?

Ow. Adologo whee Gwenthian bethogh, en Thonigh, en  
1360 moyen due.

Gw. Ne vetho en Thonigh, Gna wathe gethla Tee, hang  
Gwenthians?

Owen. Sir Owen shall say no more hang her selfe, be out  
a cry still and her shall pye her new card to ride in, & two  
1365 new fine horses, and more plew coates and padges ta follow  
her heeles, see you now?

Gwen. But will her say no more hang her selfe?

Enter Rice.

Ow. Oh no more, as God vdge mee[,] no more, pray leaue,  
owe, owe, owe.

1370 Ri. Tannekin the Froe hath brought your Rebato, it comes  
to three pound.

Ow. What a pestilence[,] is this for Gwenthian?

Gwe. For her neg, is cald repatoes, Gwenthian weare it  
heere, ist not praue?

1375 Owen. Praue? yes is praue, tis repatoes I warrant her:  
I[,] patoes money out a crie, yes tis praue. Rees[,] the preece?  
Rees[,] the preece?

Ri. The Froe sir saies fwe pound.

Owen. Ha[,] ha[,] ha, [fwe] pound, Gwenthian[,] pray doe  
1380 not pye it.

Gwen. By God vdge me[,] her shall pye it.

Owen. God vdge me[,] her shall not.

Gwen. Shall not? Rees[,] tag her away, I say her shall[,]  
and weare it pye and pye.

---

1356 owe, Tawfone] 1376 praue.] 1378 fwe] *Coll. ändert in three.*  
1379 owen] *Ebd.* fwe] *Coll. schiebt three ein.* 1382 owen].

1385 Owen. Then mag a pobbie foole of Sir Owen indeed: Gods  
plude[,] fhall? I fay fhall not: fue pound for puble, for  
patoes: here there, fo tag it now, weare it now powte her  
neg, fhall pridle fir Owen[,] ha?

Ri. Oh rare fir Owen, oh pretious Knight, oh rare Sir Owen.

1390 Gwe. Out you rafkals, you prade and prade, ile prade  
your neaces.

Ri. Oh rare Madame, oh pretious Madame, O God, O God,  
O God, O. [Exit.]

Gwe. Is domineere now, you teare her ruffes and repatoes,  
1395 you preake her ponds? Ile teare as good pondes, and petter  
too, and petter too.

Ow. Owe Gwenthyan, Cods plude[,] is fue thoufand duckets,  
hold[,] hold[,] hold, a pogs on her pride, what has her done?

Gw. Goe loog, is now paide for her repatoes, ile haue  
1400 her willes & defires, ile teadge her pridle her Lady: Catho  
crogge, Ne vetho, en Thlonigh gna wathee Gnathla tee.

[Exit.]

Owen. A breath vawer or no Tee: pridle her, fir Owen is  
pridled I warrant: widdows[!] (were petter Gods plude marry  
whoore) were petter be hang'd and quarter, then marry wi-  
1405 dowes as God vdge me: Sir Owen[,] fall on her knees, &  
pray God to tag her to her mercy, or elfe put petter minde  
in her Lady: awl prittifh Shentlemans tag heede how her  
marry fixen widowe.

Sir Owen ap Meredith can rightly tell,  
1410 A fhrewes fharpe tongue is terrible as hell.

[Exit.]

Enter Marquesse and Furio with an infant in his armes.

Marq. Did fhe not fee thee when thou took't it vp?

Fur. No, fhe was faft a fleepe.

Marq. Giue me this bleffed burthen; pretty foole[,]

With what an amiable looke it fleepes,

1415 And in that flumber how it sweetly fmiles,

And in that fmile how my heart leapes for ioy:

Furio[,] Ile turne this circle to a cradle,

---

1386 fue] *Collier ändert auch hier in three.* 1402 owen.] *fir owen]*  
1405 owen] 1409 owen] 1413 burthen,]

To rocke my deare babe: A great Romaine Lord,  
Taught his young Sonne to ride a Hobby-horfe.

1420 Then why should I thinke scorne to dandle mine:

Furio[,] beholde it well, to whom it like?

Fur. You, there's your nose and blacke eye-browes.

Enter Mario.

Marq. Thou dost but flatter me, heere comes Mario,  
I know Mario will not flatter me.

1425 Mario, thy opinion, view this childe,  
Doth not his lips, his nose, his fore-head,  
And euery other part resemble mine?

Mari. So like my Lord, that the nice difference,  
Would stay the iudgement of the curioust eye.

1430 Marq. And yet me thinkes I am not halfe so browne.

Mari. Indeed your cheekes beare a more liuely colour[.]

Marq. Furio, play thou the nurse, handle it softly.

Fur. One were better get a dossen then nurse one.

Marq. Mario[,] step to Griffill[,] shee's a fleepe,

1435 Her white hand is the pillar to those cares,

Which I yngently lodge within her head:

Steale thou the other childe and bring it hither.

If Griffill be awake and striue with thee,

Bring it perforce, nor let her know what hand,

1440 Hath rob'd her of this other, haste Mario.

Mari. I flie[,] my gracious Lord.

[Exit.

Marq. Run flatterie.

Because I did blaspheme and cal it browne,

This Parrafite cride (like an Eccho) browne.

Fur. The childe is faire my Lord, you were nere so faire[.]

1445 Marq. I know tis faire, I know tis wondrous faire.

Deare prettie infant[,] let me with a kisse,

Take that dishonor off, which the foule breath

Of a prophane flauie, laide vpon thy cheekes;

Had but I said my boy's a Blackamoore,

1450 He would haue damn'd himselfe and so haue fwore.

---

1419 Hobby-horfe.] 1424 me.] 1436 head.] 1437 hither.] 1441 Run  
flatterie.] *beginnt den folgenden Vers. Coll.* 1445 wondrous faire,]

Enter Griffill and Mario with a childe.

Grif. Giue me mine infant, where's my other babe?  
You cannot plaie the nurse, your horred eyes  
Will fright my little ones, and make them erie,  
Your tongue's too ruffe to chime a lullabie:

1455 Tis not the pleasure of my Lord I know,  
To loade me with such wrong.

Mari. No, I vnloade you. Scoffingly.

Marq. Giue her her childe Mario and yet staie;  
Furio[,] holde thou them both. Griffill forbearc,  
You are but nurse to them, they are not thine.

1460 Gri. I know my gracious Lord[,] they are not mine,  
I am but their poore nurse I must confesse,  
Alas[,] let not a nurse be pittilesse.  
To see the colde ayre make them looke thus bleake,  
Makes me shed teares because they cannot speake.

1465 Marq. If they could speake, what thinke you they would  
say?

Gri. That I in all things will your wil obey.

Marq. Obay it then in silence: shall not I  
Bestowe what is myne owne, as likes me best?  
Deliuier me these brats: come presse me downe,

1470 With weightie infamie: heere is a loade  
Of shame, of speckled shame: O God[,] how heauie  
An armefull of dishonour is? heeres two,  
Griffill[,] for this ile thanke none els but you.  
Which way so ere I turne I meete a face,

1475 That makes my cheekes blush at mine owne disgrace  
This way or this way, neuer shall mine eye  
Looke thus, or thus: but (oh me) presentlie,  
(Take them for Gods sake Furio) presentlie  
I shall spend childish teares: true teares indeed.

1480 That thus I wrong my babes and make her bleed.  
Goe Griffill[,] get you in.

Gri. I goe my Lorde.

Farewell sweet sweet deare babes, so you were free,  
Would all the worlds cares might be throwne on me.



Mar. Ha, ha, why this is pleasing harmonic.

1485 Fu. My Lord[,] they'le wrawle, what shall I doe with them?

Marq. Tell her thou must provide a nurse for them[.]

Comes she not backe Mario?

Mari. No my Lord.

Marq. Tush, tush, it cannot be but shee returne,

I know her bosome beares no marble heart,

1490 I knowe, a tender Mother cannot part,

With such a patient soule, from such sweet sorles,

She stands and watches sure, and sure she weepes,

To see my seeming flintie breast. Mario[.]

Withdraw with me: Furio[,] stay thou heere still,

1495 If she returne, seeme childish, and denie

To let her kisse or touch them.

[Exeunt.

Fur.

Faith not I:

I haue not such a heart; and shee aske to touch them, Ile

deny it because ile obey my Lord, yet she shall kisse and

touch them to, because Ile please my Ladie: alas, alas, prettie

1500 fooles[,] I loue you well[,] but I would you had a better Nurse.

Enter Griffill stealingly.

Grif. A better Nurse: seek'lt thou a better Nurse?

A better Nurse then whome?

Fu. Then you, away.

Grif. I am their Mother[:] I must not away.

Looke, looke, good Furio[,] looke they smile on mee,

1505 I know poore hearts[,] they feare to smile on thee.

I prithee let me haue them.

Fu. Touch them not.

Gri. I prie thee let me touch them.

Fu. No: Hands off.

Gri. I prie thee gentle Furio[,] let me kisse them.

Fu. Not one kisse for a Kings crowne.

1510 Grif. Must I not kisse my babes: must I not touch them?

Alas[,] what sin so vile hath Griffil done

That thus she should be vex'd? not kisse my infants?

---

1493 breast,]  
1509 crowne:]

1497 heart,]

1503 away,]

1505 thee,]

Who taught thee to be cruell gentle churle,  
What must thou doe with them?

Fu. Get them a nurse.

1515 Grif. A Nurse[,] alacke, what Nurse? where must shee  
dwell[?]

Fu. I must not tell you till I know my selfe.

Gri. For Gods sake[,] who must Nurse them[?] doe but  
name her,

And I will sweare those fire eyes doe smile,

And I will sweare that which none els will sweare,

1520 That thy grim browes, doe mercies liuerie weare.

Fu. Choose you.

Enter Marquesse, standing aside.

Grif. Oh God, oh God, might Griffill haue her choice[,]

My babes should not be feard with thy diuils voice.

Thou get a Nurse for them? they can abide,

1525 To taste no milke but mine[,] come, come Ile chide,

In faith you cruell man, Ile chide indeede,

If I growe angrie.

Fu. Do[,] do[,] I care not.

Marq. To chide & curse thy Lord thou hast more need[.]

Grif. Wilt thou not tell me who shall be their Nurse?

1530 Fu. No.

Grif. Wilt thou not let me kisse them?

Fu. No[,] I say.

Grif. I prithe thee let my teares, let my bow'd knees,

Bend thy obdurate hart, see heer's a fountaine,

Which heauen into this Alablafter bowels,

1535 Instil'd to nourish them: man[,] theyle crie,

And blame thee that this ronnes so lauishly,

Heres milke for both my babes[,] two brefts for two.

Marq. Poore babes[,] I weep to see what wrong I doe.

Grif. I pray thee let them suck, I am most meeke

1540 To play their Nurse: theyle smile and say tis sweet,

Which streames frō hence. If thou dost beare them hēce,

My angrie breasts will swell, and as mine eyes

- Lets fall salt drops, with these white Neeter teares,  
 They will be mixt: this sweet will then be brine,  
 1545 Theyle crie[,] Ile chide and say the sinne is thine.  
 Fu. Mine armes ake mightily, and my heart akes.  
 Marq. And so doth mine: sweet sounds this discord makes.  
 Fu. Heere Madame[,] take one, I am weary of both, touch  
 it and kisse it to, its a sweet childe. I would I were rid of  
 1550 my miserie, for I shall drowne my heart, with my teares that  
 fall inward.  
 Grif. Oh this is gentlie done[!] this is my boy,  
 My first borne care: thy feete that nere felt ground,  
 Haue traueled longest in this land of woe,  
 1555 This worlds wildernes, and hast most neede  
 Of my most comfort: oh I thanke thee Furio,  
 I know I should transforme thee with my teares,  
 And melt thy adamantine heart like waxe.  
 What wrong shall these haue to be tane from mee?  
 1560 Mildely intreate their Nurse to touch them mildely,  
 For my soule tels me, that my honoured Lord,  
 Does but to trie poore Grifflis constancie,  
 Hees full of mercie[,] iustice, full of loue.  
 Marq. My cheekes doe glow with shame to heere her speake,  
 1565 Should I not weepe for ioy[,] my heart would breake,  
 And yet a little more Ile stretch my tryall.

Enter Mario and Lepido.

Mario, Lepido?

Both. My gracious Lord?

- Marq. You shall be witnesse of this open wrong.  
 I gaue strait charge, she should not touch these brats,  
 1570 Yet has she tempted with lasciuious teares,  
 The heart of Furio, see she dandles them.  
 Take that childe from her: stay, stay, ile commend,  
 That pittie in thee which Ile reprehend.

Fu. Doe.

- 1575 Marq. Dare you thus contradict our strait commaund[?]

---

1546 *Nach* mightily steht ein Punkt, und die folgenden Worte  
 stehen in einer neuen Zeile. 1549 childe,] 1555 neede,] 1558 waxe,]  
 1559 mee,] 1571 them,] 1573 reprehend.] *Coll.*

But heeres a truſtie groome, out hipocrite,  
I ſhall doe Iuſtice wrong to let thee breath,  
For diſobaying me.

Grif. My gracious Lord,

Marq. Tempt me not Syren: ſince you are ſo louing,  
1580 Hold you[,] take both your children, get you gon.  
Diſrobe her of theſe rich abilliments,  
Take downe her hat, her pitcher and her gowne,  
And as ſhe came to me in beggerie,  
So driue her to her fathers.

Mari. My deare Lorde.

1585 Marq. Uex me not good Mario[:] if you woe me,  
(Or if you ſhed one teare) to pittie her,  
Or if by any drift you ſuccour her,  
You looſe my fauour euerlaſtingly.

Both. We muſt obey ſince there's no remedye.

1590 Marq. You muſt be villaines[,] theres no remedie.  
Mario, Lepido, you two ſhall helpe,  
To beare her children home.

Gri. It ſhall not néede[,]

I can beare more.

Marq. Thou beareſt too much indeed.

Gri. Come, come ſweet lambes[,] wee'll laugh and liue  
content

1595 Though from the Court we liue in baniſhment,  
Theſe rich attyres are for your mother fit,  
But not your nurſe, therefore Ile off with it.

Marq. Away with her I ſay.

Grif. Away, away?

Nothing but that colde comfort[?] wee'll obay,

1600 Heauen ſmile vpon my Lord with gracious eye.

Marq. Driue her hence Lepido.

Lep. Good Madame[,] hence.

Gri. Thus tyranny oppreſſeth innocence.

Thy lookes ſeeme heauy, but thy heart is light,  
For villaines laugh when wrong oppreſſeth right.

[Runs to him.]

---

1579 Syren,] 1580 gon,] 1588 euerlaſtingly,] 1600 eye,]  
1602 innocence,] 1604 *In der Bühnenanweiſung* Run] *Coll.*



1605 Must we then be drinen hence: Oh see my Lord,  
 Sweet prettie fooles[,] they both smil'd at that word.  
 They smile as who should say indeede[,] indeede,  
 Your tongue cryes hence, but your heart's not agree'd.  
 Can you thus part from them? in truth I know,

1610 Your true loue cannot let these infants goe.

Marq. Shee'll tryumph ouer me[,] doe what I can.

[Turnes from her.

Mari. Good Madame[,] hence.

Gri. Oh send one gracious smile

Before we leaue this place: turne not away,  
 Doe but looke backe, let vs but once more see

1615 Those eyes, whose beames shall breath new soules in three.  
 It is enough[:] now weele depart in ioy.

Nay be not you so cruell: should you two  
 Be thus drinen hence, trust me Ide pittie you.

Marq. Difrobe her presently.

Both. It shall be done.

1620 Griffi. To worke some good deede thus you would not  
 runne.

[Exeunt.

Marq. Oh Griffill[,] in large Carracters of golde,  
 Thy vertuous[,] sacred fame shall be enroulde.  
 Tell me thy iudgement Furio of my wife?

Fu. I thinke my Lord[,] shee's a true woman, for shee  
 1625 loues her children, a rare wife, for shee loues you, (I beleue  
 you'll hardly finde her match) and I thinke shee's more then  
 a woman, because shee conqueres all wrongs by patience.

Mar. Yet once more will I trye her, presently  
 Ile haue thee goe to olde Ianicolaes,  
 1630 And take her children from her, breed some doubt,  
 (By speeches) in her, that her eyes shall neuer  
 Beholde them more: beare them to Pania,  
 Commend vs to our brother, say from vs,  
 That we desire him with all kinde respect,  
 1635 To nurse the infants, and withall conceale,

Their parentage from any mortall care.  
 I charge thee on thy life[,] reueale not this,  
 I charge thee on thy life, be like thy name,  
 (When thou comst to her) rough and furious.

1640 Fur. Well, I will: It's far from Saluce to Pauia, the children will cry, I haue no teates you know, twere good you thought vpon it.

Marq. There's golde.

Fu. That's good.

1645 Marq. Prouide them nurfes.

Fu. That's better, I will and I can.

[Exit Furio.

Marq. Away! Though I dare trust thy secrecy,  
 Yet will I follow thee in some disguise,  
 And try thy faith, and Griffils constancy:  
 1650 If thou abide vnblemisht, then I sweare,  
 I haue found two wonders that are fildome rife,  
 A trusty seruant, and a patient wife.

[Exit.

Enter Ianicola and Laureo, with burdens of Officers.

Lau. Father[,] how fare you?

Ian.

Uery well my sonne,

This labour is a comfort to my age.

1655 The Marqueffe hath to me been mercifull,  
 In sending me from Courtly delicates,  
 To taste the quiet of this country life.

Lau. Call him not mercifull, his tyranny  
 Exceedes the most inhumaine.

Ian.

Peace my sonne.

1660 I thought by learning thou hadst been made wise,  
 But I perceiue it puffeth vp thy soule.  
 Thou takst a pleasure to be counted iust,  
 And kicke against the faults of mighty men:  
 Oh tis in vaine, the earth may euen as well  
 1665 Challenge the potter to be partiall,  
 For forming it to sundry offices:

---

1636 care,] 1647 Away, though] 1651 A haue] Coll. 1654 age,]  
 1661 soule,]

Alas the error of ambitious fooles!

How fraile are all their thoughts, how faint, how weake?

Those that doe strue to iuffle with the great,

1670 Are certaine to be bruz'd, or soone to breake.

Come, come mell with our Ofiers, heere let's rest,

This is olde homely home, & that's still best.

Enter Babulo with a bundle of Ofiers in one arme and a childe in  
another, Griffill after him with another childe.

Bab. Hufh, hufh, hufh, hufh, and I daunce mine own  
childe, and I dance mine owne childe, &c: ha[,] ha, whoop  
1675 olde Master, so ho[,] ho, looke heere: and I dance mine own  
childe, &c. Heere's fixteene pence a weeke, and fixteene  
pence a weeke, eight groates, sope and candle. I met her in  
Ofier groue, crying hufh, hufh, hufh, hufh: I thought it had  
been some begger woman, because of her pitcher, for you  
1680 know they beare such household stuffe, to put drinke and por-  
rage together, and I dance mine, &c.

Lau. Oh father[,] now forswear all patience,

Griffill comes home to you in poore array,

Griffill is made a drudge, a cast-away.

1685 Ian. Griffill is welcome home to pouerty.

How now my childe[,] are these thy pretty babes?

Ba. And I dance myne owne childe: art thou there? art  
thou there?

Ian. Why art thou thus come home, who sent thee hyther?

1690 Gri. It is the pleasure of my princely Lord,

Who[,] taking some offence, to me vnknowne,

Hath banisht me from care to quietnes.

Ba. A fig for care! olde Master, but now olde graundfire,  
take this little Pope Innocent, wee'll giue ouer basket making  
1695 and turne nurfes, shee has vnckled Laureo: Its no matter, you  
shall goe make a fire. Grandfire[,] you shall dandle them,  
Griffill shall goe make Pap, and Ile licke the skillet, but first  
Ile fetch a cradle, its a signe tis not a deare yeare, when

1667 fooles,] 1675 heere,] 1676 &c, heere's] 1677 candle,]  
1693 care,] 1696 fire,] 1698 cradle,]

they come by two at once: heer's a couple[,] quoth lacke  
1700 dawe, art thou there? sing Grandfire.

[Exit.

Ian. What said the Marquesse when he banisht thee?

Gri. He gaue me gentle language, kist my cheeke,  
For Gods sake[,] therfore speake not ill of him,  
Teares trickling from his eyes, and sorrowes hand  
1705 Stopping his mouth, thus did he bid adue,  
Whilst many a deep fetcht sigh from his brest flew.  
Therefore for Gods sake[,] speake not ill of him.  
Good Lord[!] how many a kisse he gaue my babes,  
And with wet eyes bad me be patient,  
1710 And by my truth (if I haue any truth)[,]  
I came from Court more quiet and content,  
By many a thousand part[,] then when I went:  
Therefore for Gods loue[,] speake not ill of him.

Lau. Oh vile deiection of too base a soule!

1715 Hast thou beheld the Paradice of Court,  
Fed of rich seuerall meates, bath'd in sweet streames,  
Slept on the bed of pleasure, fate inthroned,  
Whilst troopes of Saint-like haue adored thee:  
And being now throwne downe by violence,  
1720 Dost thou not enuy those that driue thee thence?

Gri. Far be it from my heart from enuying my Lord  
In thought, much lesse eyther in deed or word.

Lau. Then hast thou no true soule, for I would curse  
From the Sunnes arising to his westerne fall,  
1725 The Marquesse and his flattering minions.

Gri. By day and night, kinde heauen protect them all!  
What wrong haue they done me? what hate to you?  
Haue I not fed vpon the Princes cost?  
Been cloath'd in rich attyres, liu'd on his charge?

1730 Looke heere[:] my ruffet gowne is yet vnworne,  
And many a winter more may serue my turne,  
By the preserving it so many monthes:  
My Pitcher is unhurt, see it is fill'd  
With christall water of the crisped spring.



- 1735 If you remember[,] on my wedding day,  
You sent me with this pitcher to the well,  
And I came empty home, because I met  
The gracious Marqueffe and his company.  
Now hath he sent you this cup full of teares.  
1740 You'll say the comfort's colde, well be it so,  
Yet euery little comfort helps in woe.  
Ian. True modle of true vertue, welcome childe,  
Thou and these tender babes to me are welcome.  
Wee'll worke to finde them foode, come kisse them soone,  
1745 And let's forget these wrongs as neuer done.

Enter Babulo with a cradle.

Ba. Come, where be these infidels? heere's the cradle of  
security, and my pillow of idlenes for them, and their Grand-  
fires cloake (not of hypocrisie but honesty) to couer them.

- Ian. Lay them both softly downe. Griffill[,] sit downe,  
1750 Laureo[,] fetch you my lute, rocke thou the cradle.  
Couer the poore fooles arme, ile charme their eyes,  
To take a sleepe[,] by sweet tunde lullabyes.

The Song.

- Golden flumbers kisse your eyes,  
Smiles awake you when you rise:  
1755 Sleepe pretty wantons[,] doe not cry,  
And I will sing a lullabie,  
Rocke them[,] rocke them[,] lullabie.  
Care is heauy[,] therefore sleepe you,  
You are care and care must keep you:  
1760 Sleepe pretty wantons[,] doe not cry,  
And I will sing a lullabie,  
Rocke them[,] rocke them[,] lullabie.

Enter Furio and Marqueffe aloofe disguised with baskets.

Fur. Leaue singing.

Ba. We may choofe. Grandfire[,] fol fa once more, we'll

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1739 teares,] 1748 *Die Schlussklammer steht schon hinter hypo-*  
crisie. 1749 downe,] 1764 choofe,]

1765 alla mire him, and he we waile in woe, and who can hinder vs?

Fur. Sirra Scholler[,] read there, it's a commiffion for mee to take away thefe children.

Ba. Nay then y'are welcome, there's foure groates, and 1770 heere's foure more.

Gri. To take away my children[,] gentle Furio, Why muft my babes beare this vngentle doome?

Fur. Goe looke.

Lau. O mifery, O moft accursed time, 1775 When to be foes to guilt is helde a crime.

Sifter[,] this fiend muft beare your infants hence.

Ia. Good Griffil[,] beare al wrongs w<sup>t</sup> patience.

[Weepes.]

Gri. Good father[,] let true patience cure all woe, You bid me be content, oh be you fo.

1780 Lau. Father[,] why doe you weepe?

Ian.

What can I doe?

Though her he punifh, he might pittie you.

Lau. Let's fret and curfe the Marquellse cruelly.

Ba. I[,] by my troth that's a good way, we may well do it, now we are out of his hearing.

1785 Gri. Muft I then be diuorc'd and loofe this treasure?

I muft and am content, fince tis his pleasure.

I prie thee tell me whither they muft goe?

Fu. No.

Gri. Art thou commaunded to conceale the place?

1790 Fu. I.

Gri. Then will not I inquire. Thou doft but ielt[:]  
I know thou muft not rob me, tis to try

If I loue them: no, no, heere I read,

That which strikes blinde mine eyes, makes my heart bleede.

1795 Farewell, farewell, deare foules, adue[,] adue,

Your father fendes and I muft part from you,

I muft[,] oh God[!] I muft: muft is for Kings,

And loe obedience for loe vnderlings.

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1775 crime,] 1780 What can I doe,] 1785 diuorc'd?] *Ebd.* treasure,]  
1786 pleasure,] 1791 inquire, thou] 1794 bleede,] 1797 I muft,]

- Lau. He ſhall not hale them thus, keep them perforce,  
 1800 This ſlaue lookes on them with a murdring eye.  
 Ba. No, he ſhal not haue them, knocke out his braines,  
 and ſaue the little hop a my thombes.  
 Fu. Doe if you dare.  
 Marq. How now my hearts, what's the matter?  
 1805 Fu. What car'ſt thou?  
 Lau. This is poore Griffil, wife vnto our Duke,  
 And theſe her children: thus he ſendes her home,  
 And thus he ſends a ſerpent to deuour,  
 Their pretious liues, he brings commiſſion,  
 1810 To hale them hence, but whyther none can tell.  
 Grif. Forbeare, forbeare.  
 Marq. Take them from him perforce.  
 Are theſe his children?  
 Ba. So ſhe ſaies.  
 Marq. Two ſweet Duckes, and is this his wife?  
 1815 Ba. Yes, he has lyne with her.  
 Mar. A pretty ſoule, ſirra[,] thou wilt be hang'd for this.  
 Fu. Hang thy ſelfe.  
 Mar. Beate him, but firſt take theſe two from his armes,  
 I am a baſket maker, and I ſweare  
 1820 Ile dye before he beare away the babes.  
 Ba. Oh rare, cry prentiſes and clubs, the corporation cannot be ( ) ſirra[,] ſet downe thy baſkets and to't pell mell.  
 Fu. Would I were rid of my office?  
 1825 Gri. What will you doe? driue this rafhe fellowe hence?  
 Marq. The Marqueſſe is a tyrant and does wrong.  
 Gri. I would not for the world that hee ſhould heare thee.  
 Mar. I would not for ten worlds but heare my Griffil.  
 Gri. A tyrant, no[:] he's mercy euen her ſelfe,  
 1830 Juſtice in triumph rides in his two eyes,  
 Take heede how thou prophaneſt high deities.  
 Goe Furio, get thee gone: good father[,] helpe me

- To guard my deare Lords seruant from this place,  
I know hee'll doe my pretty babes no harme,  
1835 For see[,] Furio lookes gently: oh get thee gone,  
Pitty sits on thy cheekes, but God can tell,  
My heart saies my tongue lyes, farewell[,] farewell.  
Marq. Stay firra[,] take thy purse.  
Fur. I let none fall.  
Ba. Halfe part.  
1840 Ia. A purse of golde Furio is falne from thee.  
Fu. Its none of mine, firra basket-maker, if my armes were  
not full, thou should haue thy handes full: farewell Griffill,  
if thou neuer see thy children more, curse mee, if thou dost  
see them againe, thanke God, adue.  
[Exit.  
1845 Ba. Farewell and be hang'd.  
Gri. I will thanke God for all, why should I grieue,  
To loose my children? no[,] no, I ought rather  
Reioyce, because they are borne to their Father.  
Ia. Daughter, heere's nothing in this purse but golde.  
1850 Ba. So much the better, Master[:] we'll quickly turne it into  
siluer.  
Ia. This purse that fellow did let fall, run[,] run.  
Carry it him againe, run Babulo.  
Away with it, tis laide to doe vs wrong.  
1855 Lau. Try all their golden baites, stay[,] neuer run,  
They can doe no more wrong then they haue done.  
Ia. What ayles my Griffill? comfort [thee] my childe.  
Ba. He fetch Rosa solis.  
Marq. Poore soule[,] her grieve burnes inward, yet her tung  
1860 Is loath to giue it freedome: I doe wrong,  
Oh Griffill[!] I doe wrong thee and lament,  
That for my sake thou feel'st this languishment.  
I came to try a seruant and a wife,  
Both haue I prooued true; that purse of golde I brought,  
1865 And let it fall of purpose to relieue her:  
Well may I giue her golde that so much grieue her.

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1853 Babulo,] 1857 [thee] Coll. 1861 and,] 1864 true,] 1865 her,]  
1866 grieue her,]



As I came in by stealth, so Ile away,  
Ioy has a tongue, but knowes not what to say.

[Exit.

Gri. So father[,] I am well, I am well indeed,  
1870 I should doe wondrous ill, should I repine,  
At my babes losse[,] for they are none of mine.

Ia. I am glad thou tak'st this wound so patiently.

Ba. Whoope[!] whether is my brother basket-maker gone:  
ha[,] let me see, I smell a rat, sneakt hence and neuer take  
1875 leaue? eyther hee's a craftie knaue, or else hee dogs Furio to  
byte him, for when a quarrell enters into a trade[,] it serues  
feauen yeares before it be free.

Ia. Let him be whome he will, he seem'd our friend.  
Griffill[,] lay vp this golde[:] tis Furioes sure,  
1880 Or it may be thy Lord did giue it him,  
To let it fall for thee, but keep it safe:  
If he disdaine to loue thee as a wife,  
His golde shall not buy foode to nourish thee.  
Griffill[,] come in, time swiftly runs away,  
1885 The greatest sorrow hath an ending day.

[Exeunt.

Enter Gwenthyan and Rice, she meanely, he like a Cooke.

Gwen. Rees, lay her table, and set out her fittailles, and  
preades, and wines, and ale, and peare, and salt for her  
guelle.

Ri. Yes forsooth[,] my Lady[:] but what shall I do with  
1890 all yonder beggers?

Gwe. Send out the peggers into her Lady, goe.

Ri. How? the beggers in, wee shall haue a louzie feast  
Madame.

[Exit Rees.

Gwen. You rascals[,] prate no more, but fetch them in:  
1895 shall pridle Sir Owen a good teale well enough, is warrant  
her. Sir Owen is gone to bid her cozen Marqueffe and a  
meiny to dyne at her house, but Gwenthyan shall kiue her  
dinner I warrant her, for peggers shall haue all her meate.

Enter Rees with a company of beggers: a Table is set with meate.

Ri. Come my hearts, troope, troope, euery man follow his  
1900 leader, heere's my Lady.

All. God blesse your Ladiship, God blesse your Ladiship.

Gwen. I thang you[,] me good peggers. Rees[,] pring stooles,  
fid awl downe: Rees[,] pring more meate.

Rice. Heere Madame, Ile set it on, tak't off who will.

1905 Beg. Let vs alone for that, my Lady[:] I shall we scramble  
or eate mannerly?

Gwen. Peggers[,] I hobe haue no manners, but first heare  
me pray you now, and then fall to out a crie.

Beg. Peace, heare my Lady. Jacke-mumble-crust[,| steale  
1910 no penny loaues.

Gwen. Peggers, awl you know Sir Owen?

All. Passing well, passing well, God blesse his worship.

1 Beg. Madame, we know him as well as a begger knowes  
his dish.

1915 Gwe. Awl these fittels is made for Cozen Marquesse: Sir  
Owen is gone to fedge him, but Sir Owen has anger her  
Ladie.

1 Beg. More shame for him, hee's not a Knight, but a knitter  
of caps for it.

1920 Gwe. Sir Owen has anger her Lady, and therfore her Lady  
is anger Sir Owen.

1 Beg. Make him a cuckolde Madame, and vpon that I drinke  
to you: helter skelter[,] here roagues, top and top gallant,  
pell mell, hufftie tuftie, hem, God saue the Duke, and a fig

1925 for the hangman.

Gwen. Rees[,] fedge wine and pearces enough, and fall to  
pegger, and eate awl her sheere, and tomineere, see you now,  
pray doe.

A drunken feast, they quarrel and grow drunke, and pocket vp the  
meate, the dealing of Cannes like a set at Mawe.

[Exit Rees.]

Gwe. Nay[,| I pray peggers be quiet, tag your meates, you  
1930 haue trinkes enough I see, and get you home nowe good  
peggers.

1902 peggers,] 1903 downe,] 1909 Lady,]

1 Beg. Come you roagues, lets goe[:] tag and rag, cut and long taile, I am victualed for a month. God bo'y Madame, pray God Sir Owen and you may fall out euery day: Is there any  
1935 harme in this now? hey tri-lill, giue the dog a loafe, fill the tother pot you whoore & God saue the Duke.

[Exeunt.

Gwe. I thang you[,] good peggers, ha[,] ha, this is fine fford, by God is haue peggers eate her fittales all day long.

Enter Sir Owen and Rees.

Ow. Where is the fheere Rees? Cods plude[,] where?

1940 Ri. I befecch you fir[,] be patient, I tell you the beggers haue it.

Owen. Wad a pogs is doe with peggers? wad is peggers do at Knights house? Is peggers Sir Owens guesse Rees?

Ri. No Sir Owen[:] they were my Ladies guesse.

1945 Ow. Ha? you hungry rascalles, where's her Ladie Gwenthyan? Cods plude[,] peggers eate her fheere and cozen Marquesse come.

Ri. I know not where my Lady is, but there's a begger woman, afke her, for my Lady dealt her almes amongst them  
1950 her selfe.

Ow. A pogs on you pegger whore, where's ther pread and fheere? Cod vdge me[,] Ile pegger you for fittels.

Gwe. Hawld, hawld, hawld, what is mad now? here is her Lady: is her Lady pegger you rascals?

1955 Ri. No sweet Madame, you are my Lady: a man is a man though he haue but a hofe on his head, and you are my Lady though you want a hood.

Ow. How now? how now? ha[,] ha, her Ladie in tawny coate, and tags and rags so? where is her meate Gwenthian?  
1960 where is her fheere? her cozen Marquesse is heere and great teale of Shentlefolkes and Laties and Lawrdes[,] pie and pie.

Gwe. What care her for Laties or cozen too? fittels is awl gone.

Ow. Owe, gone? is her Ladie mad?

1965 Gwen. No, our Lord is mad, you teare her ruffes and repatoes, and pridle her, is her pridled now? is her repatoed now? is her teare in peeeces now? Ile tedge her pridle her Lady againe, her cozen Marqueſſe ſhall eate no pread and meate heere, and her Ladie Gwenthians will goe in tags and  
1970 rags, and like pegger to vexe and chafe fir Owen, ſee you now?

Owen. A pogs ſee her, Cods plude[,] what is doe now Rees?

Ri. Speake her faire Maſter[,] for ſhee lookes wildely.

1975 Owen. Is looke wildely indeede. Gwenthian[,] pray goe in, and put prauerie vpon her packe and pelly, Cod vdge me[,] is pie new repatoes and ruffes for her Lady: pray doe ſo, pray good Ladyes.

Ri. Doe good Madame.

1980 Gw. Cartho crogge, Cartho crogge, Gwenthian ſcornes her flatteries, her Lady goe no petter, Sir Owen hang her ſelfe.

Ow. O mon Iago, her Pritiſh plude is not indure it by Cod: a pogs on her, put on her fine coates is peſt, put on, goe to, put on.

1985 Ri. Put off Sir Owen[,] and ſhee'll put on.

Gwe. A pogs on her, is put on none, but goe like pegger.

Ow. Rees[,] goe mag more fire, and let her haue more ſheere.

Gwen. Rees mag fire, and Ile ſcalde her like pigge, ſee  
1990 you now?

Ri. I ſhall be peppered how ere the market goes.

Ow. Mag great teal of fires, or Sir Owen ſhall knog your eares.

Gwen. Make litle teale of fire, or Gwenthian ſhall cut off  
1995 your eares: and pob you, & pob you Rees, ſee you now?

Ri. Holde good Madame, I ſee you and feele you too, y'are able to ſet ſtones together by th'eares: I beſeech you be quiet both, Ile make a fire Sir Owen to pleaſe you.

Ow. Doe Rees[:] Ile pridle her Ladies well enough.

2000 Gwen. Will you, you rafcales?



Ri. Nay[,] but heare you fweet Madame, Ile make a fire  
to please Sir Owen, and when it burnes, Ile quench it to  
please you.

[Exit.



